Week ending April 1 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

Father faces the pocket money problem

by JOHN MAY

WILFRED PICKLES WRITES ON FREEDOM

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WILFRED PICKLES WRITES ON FREEDOM

HONOR BLACKMAN (*she was in DIAMOND CITY*) *says Pin-Up is wonderful for hair like hers—it makes it so easy to set. Here you see her with loose curls, but in the evening Honor likes to put her hair up in a sophisticated coiffure.*

JOSEPHINE STUART (*remember her as Oliver's young mother in OLIVER TWIST?*) *is thrilled with her Pin-Up home perm. "It makes my hair fall just as I want it—in soft curls," she says. "It's so easy to manage—and it lasts and lasts!"*

PEGGY EVANS *has the ends of her long hair curled under with a Pin-Up home perm. "I am delighted with it," she says. "It looked so natural from the very first day. There was no frizz—no waiting for it to settle down." Peggy is starring in THE BLUE LAMP.*

BARBARA MURRAY *wears her light-brown hair short and has it waved with Pin-Up. "Short hair must be cut often," she says, "but with Pin-Up it is no problem to keep the ends always softly curled." Barbara is now starring in BOYS IN BROWN.*

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(for future complete perms) **7/6**

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THE camera can't lie. In close-ups, under searching lights, the young film star's hair must look entirely natural.

And so, one after another, all the loveliest young stars have come round to Pin-Up. "It gives such soft, natural looking waves right from the start," they say—"waves that last for ages and are so manageable they can be set in any style."

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EDITORIAL

Show up the germs and end dirty-food dangers

SIX MONTHS AGO the Food Minister sent out to every local medical officer of health a set of model by-laws designed to ensure clean food.

Since then nearly 500 more people have died from the effects of dirty food and drink, and many more have been made ill.

During the next six months, unless preventative action is taken at once by councils everywhere, at least 500 more people will die. The spring and summer months, with their flies and heat, always increase the dirty-food deathroll.

Why do we thus go on squandering life and gambling with disease unnecessarily? There is only one reason for apathy and indifference—food germs can't be seen. If they were big enough to be visible, so that everyone realized that we live daily in a germ-jungle of dangerous enemies, complete reform of our food-handling would be rapid.

Because the peril is invisible it is realized only by a few. It is denounced internationally at Geneva, campaigned against by the National Council for Women, the Tourist Board and the Hygienic Food Traders' Guild, and attacked from their own angles by four or five Government Departments.

Yet progress remains heartbreakingly slow, and the annual dirty-food deathroll of 1,000 is undiminished.

METHODS of selling and handling food still remain almost barbarous here compared with those practised in, for example, Switzerland and the United States.

Fish, meat, groceries, fruit, bread and cakes are exposed in all weathers to collect dust and the germs and eggs of flies. Foods displayed in open containers on shop counters are sprayed with germs from customers' coughs, sneezes and clothing.

And the shop is only the beginning of the gauntlet your food has to run before it reaches your own larder or refrigerator. Getting it home is a haphazard and dangerous process.

Butchers, for example, often make a feeble gesture to hygiene by slapping a bit of greaseproof paper on the end of a joint. Then it is rolled in an old and possibly dirty newspaper before being dumped in the housewife's bag or basket—which is itself far from germ-proof.

Meat delivered at your door undergoes even greater risks of pollution. It is hardly ever wrapped—simply stowed in a van or cycle-tray or carried uncovered in an open basket.

Bread and cakes are flung on to trays in vans and handled repeatedly before the customer receives them. Vegetables usually spend some of their shop life in dirty old boxes which are never washed and seldom scraped.

ONLY in the milk trade has real progress been made within living memory. The sealed bottle has nearly everywhere replaced the old-fashioned can and scoop.

But when are the other food trades going to follow the milk industry into cleaner ways? Will they ever do so?

The Ministry of Health has so far concentrated its clean-food propaganda on cafés, canteens and restaurants, where there is evidence not only of bad food handling, but of dangerous slovenliness in washing crockery and cutlery.

Investigators found that only in kitchens where hot water sterilization was employed were results satisfactory. Elsewhere washing-up too often left utensils with a deadly load of disease germs and bacteria.

Personal cleanliness of catering workers plays a big part. Where rules about washing after use of lavatories are not enforced, there is continual peril of contamination.

It all comes back to the fact that the germs can't be seen. Out of sight, out of mind.

Clearly there will be no general public revolt against dirty ways with food unless education is directed to making the dangers visible.

Photographs and films are, therefore, the most promising media for what ought to be a concerted national campaign organized by all the official and semi-official bodies.

Use the microscope to show, on the screen and in the Press, exactly what sort of germs lurk in a loaf, swarm on meat, hide in vegetables.

The British public is not composed of fools—and given visual proof of the peril, it will insist on protective wrapping for all foods, hygienic handling and delivery, and personal cleanliness in its preparation.

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PARIS REPORTS:

The evening blouse is fashion's darling!

—so lovely with its

Lux look

THE EVENING BLOUSE, that Edwardian favourite, has made a complete come-back, our fashion reporter in Paris says. It's so versatile! — lovely with a long skirt in the evening, and just right for glamorizing a dark, day-time suit.

This one in pale cyclamen rayon taffeta, with its out-size sash, is heavenly — and the Lux Look means you can wear it and wear it, always looking fresh and flower-like.

Never forget how safe Lux is for important garments like this — that you count on for special occasions and that must look *just so*. The transparent Lux diamonds dissolve instantly, even in lukewarm water, and the rich, gentle suds leave the finest fabrics completely cleansed and unharmed. No undissolved particles left behind to injure the fabric and dim the colours! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

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LOVELY DINNER PARTNER

What a wonderful idea it is — the evening blouse! This one was sketched in Paris by Harambure.

The huge bow is merely a long sash that can be swathed round the waist and tied in a flat knot for day-time wear.

Lux is marvellous for garments like this — they never lose their freshness.

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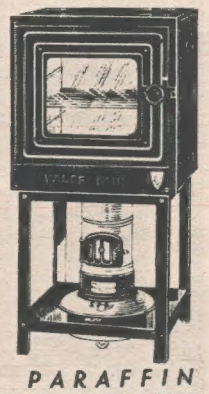

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APRIL 1, 1950 VOL. 87 No. 2283 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

How to beat hooliganism

EVERY TIME THERE IS what is called a crime wave there is a corresponding interest in how to prevent young boys (and girls) degenerating into hooliganism. But the problem is not a spasmodic one. It is there all the time. It is the petty acts of lawlessness which lead to the sensational acts of violence.

After many years of youth club work, I am convinced that the main trouble is that offenders are dealt with, in the juvenile courts, by magistrates who do not understand the mentality of the youngsters. They know nothing of the tough, bitter environment which has made these boys and girls into what they are.

There is only one solution: a drastic revision of the qualifications needed to sit in a juvenile court.—CLUB LEADER, London, S.E.

Hiking In The Dark

HERE IN NORTH WALES, we can appreciate Mr. Ingram's hints ("Free Speech," February 18) on the need for being properly equipped and clad for walking on hills. But is it possible on a dark night to maintain a straight course over open country? After plodding two hours in the dark over Cannock Chase in Staffordshire, I found I had completed a circle. — CHARLES FOSTER, West End House, Criccieth.

Expectant Fathers

WHY ARE ENGLISH HUSBANDS not allowed to be with their wives during confinement? In Belgium, where I come from, husbands are asked if they want to see their babies being born. I think I would like to feel my husband at my side at that time.—MRS. L. S., Blackburn, Lancs.

Helping Hand Needed

A YOUNG MAN, HOBBLING painfully along on two sticks, missed his footing at the kerb and fell. He was assisted to his feet, with some difficulty, by another cripple and stick hobbler—myself. Many women shoppers looked on but made no attempt to help. We don't want sympathy, but please don't deny us a helping hand.—A. W. W., Hounslow, Middx.

Magic Without Fluffing

DENNIS HOLMAN'S ARTICLE, "Inside The Magic Circle," mentioned that I had fluffed a trick. But Mr. Holman was, unfortunately, left with the wrong impression. It is part of the build-up of that particular trick to produce first the wrong card, then to find the correct one. As it happened, Mr. Holman was whisked away before I had time to finish. — JACK SALVIN, Maida Vale, London, W.9.

Death Of Mrs. Gillespie

IT IS WITH SORROW that I write to tell you that Marjorie Gillespie, who wrote the inspiring article "I've Cancer—And I Cherish Every Hour," which appeared in JOHN BULL on October 15 last year, died on March 7, her last few months having been spent with her family at her old home in the Midlands.

To very many of her colleagues, her example has been a great inspiration and help. She was very proud of her fan mail, as she called the response to her article, and often expressed the hope that she had been able, perhaps, to ease some fellow-sufferer's burden.

In every way, hers was a most exceptional spirit. May it rest in peace.—AN OFFICE COLLEAGUE.

. . . AS THE MOTHER of Marjorie Gillespie, I should like to thank all the people who wrote the hundreds of letters which gave her happiness and consolation. A letter came weekly 3,000 miles from a man who admired her courage. She suffered so long without complaint and gave us great joy and inspiration.—MRS. A. M. HOWITT, Ferndene, 148 Mansfield Road, Alfreton, Derbyshire.

Haddock For Strength

FOR MANY YEARS a trawlerman, I was greatly interested in Eric Bennett's article, "I Went Out With The Herring Fleet" (JOHN BULL, February 25). Trawlermen live on fish, hence their magnificent physique. They do not despise the prime fish such as halibut, turbot and sole, but their own staple diet is fresh haddock.—H. P. WALLEY, 17 Testwood Road, Southampton.

Modest Miss Fonteyn

BARBARA WACE'S ARTICLE on Margot Fonteyn (JOHN BULL, February 18) delighted me. I remember when the Sadler's Wells company came to Glasgow. While the autograph hunters were besieging other dancers, I saw a slim, bareheaded figure in a black tailored suit slip quietly out with a friend and walk unnoticed across the road. It was Margot Fonteyn.—MRS. E. JAMIESON, 54 Old Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.

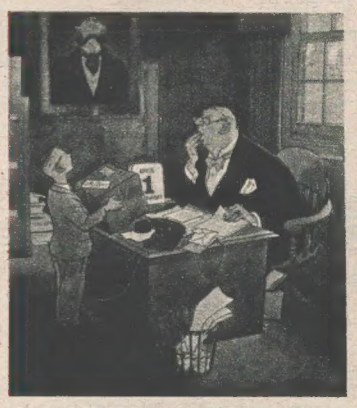
Night Work Widows

PITY THE WIFE of the man who is always on night shifts. When her children are young, she must always stay home at night. When they grow older, she has to wait up for them to come home. They seldom see their father, so she must take all responsibility for their welfare, moral and physical.

When her children grow up and leave home, she can only look forward to days of work and nights of loneliness. But, as the wife of a night worker, I have one great advantage—when I come in from my own job at 4.30 p.m. I find a nice fire burning and a cup of tea ready for me!—MRS. K. B., Manchester.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER



A PARCEL for the boss is the innocent-sounding title Richard O. Rose gave to this All Fools' Day cover picture. Rose works in what he calls fits and starts, drawing laboriously in short bursts, then doing all the painting or inking in with great enthusiasm in one session.

WHAT ARE THE WISE WIVES SAYING?

"Wisk is *wonderful!*"

The glad tidings have spread like wildfire. Now *everybody's* saying it: "Wisk is wonderful!"

And wonderful it is! For Wisk does the whole family wash beautifully—the heavy, dirty things like sheets, shirts, overalls, towels, children's things. And, of course, the coloured cottons and the delicate undies, stockings and woollens.

Wisk makes the dirt come rolling out — you can actually see it. And what lots of lovely lather Wisk makes! The more you whip it up, the more rich lather you get.

NO SCUM

Even in hard water Wisk doesn't form scum. No more dingy, greying whites, and no nasty tidemark round the washtub.

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Add delicious flavour to soups, stews, casseroles, etc., with

PEARCE DUFF'S
Dried Onions

A 4 oz. container is equivalent to approximately 2 lb. prepared raw onions perfectly packed to retain freshness and flavour.

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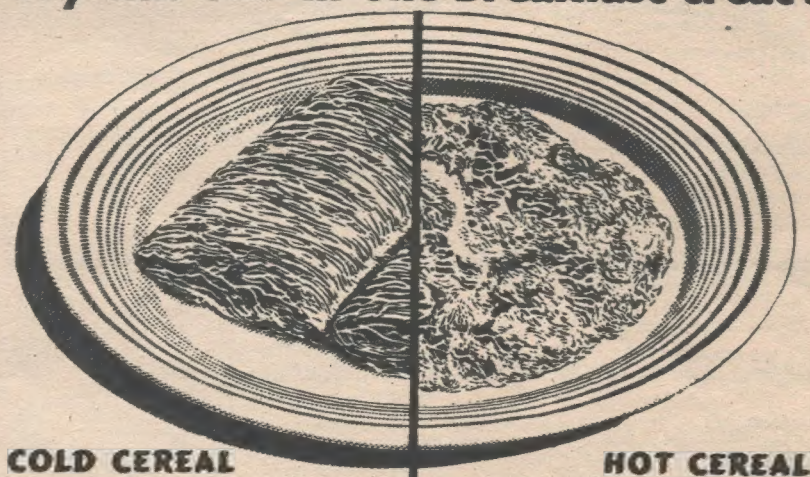
"I'm the cheery Welgar Boy
Who stands for Shredded Wheat
It's crisp, it's nice; at twice the price
You'd find it hard to beat."

Try this two-in-one breakfast treat!



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Crumble two Welgar biscuits into a saucepan, add a pinch of salt, and enough water to cover the bottom of the pan. Boil, and stir till thick. Serve with sugar and a little milk.

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Torpid Territorial becomes a "regular"

"C'MON, tosh," I said to Joe, "pick 'em up. You're supposed to be carrying a field-marshal's baton in your pack."

"*Ho, yes,*" *growled Joe sarcastically,* "*and I'm supposed to be marching on my stomach.*"

"Well?" I asked.

"*Not at all well,*" *gloomed Joe.* "*Every time I try to rise and shine, my old tum lets me down. It gets me piping mad!*"

"Piping is the operative word," I said.

"*How come?*" *asked Joe suspiciously.*

"Listen," I said. "You've got 30 ft. of piping tucked up inside you, and your bowel muscles have to pull everything you eat through that little lot. But the soft foods you get nowadays don't give the muscles anything to work on."

"*So what?*" *said Joe heavily.*

"So you get an old No. 1 stoppage," I said, "and that's what makes you feel brassed off and bound rigid. You ought to be eating Kellogg's All-Bran."

"*All-Bran?*" *mused Joe.* "*I seem to connect that with breakfast.*"

"Right!" I said. "It *is* a breakfast food, and very nice, too. But it gives your muscles something to get hold of—adds *bulk* to your diet. . . ."

"*And?*" *said Joe.*

"And," I said, "it makes you regular within a week!"

So Joe slopes off, and, when I see him a week later, he's a very beaming soldier. "Well, well, well," I said, "who promoted you?"

"*It's that All-Bran,*" *sang Joe.* "*Talk about wakey-wakey! It took All-Bran just three days to make me a regular!*"

"That's the drill," I said.

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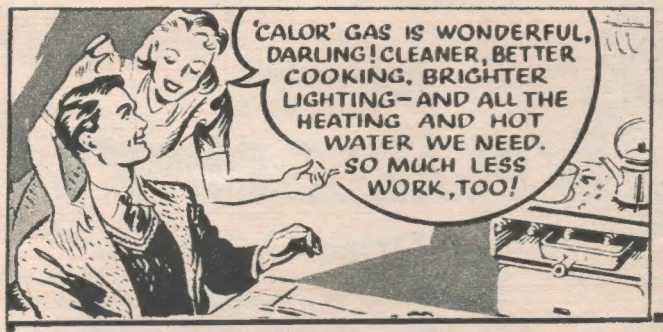
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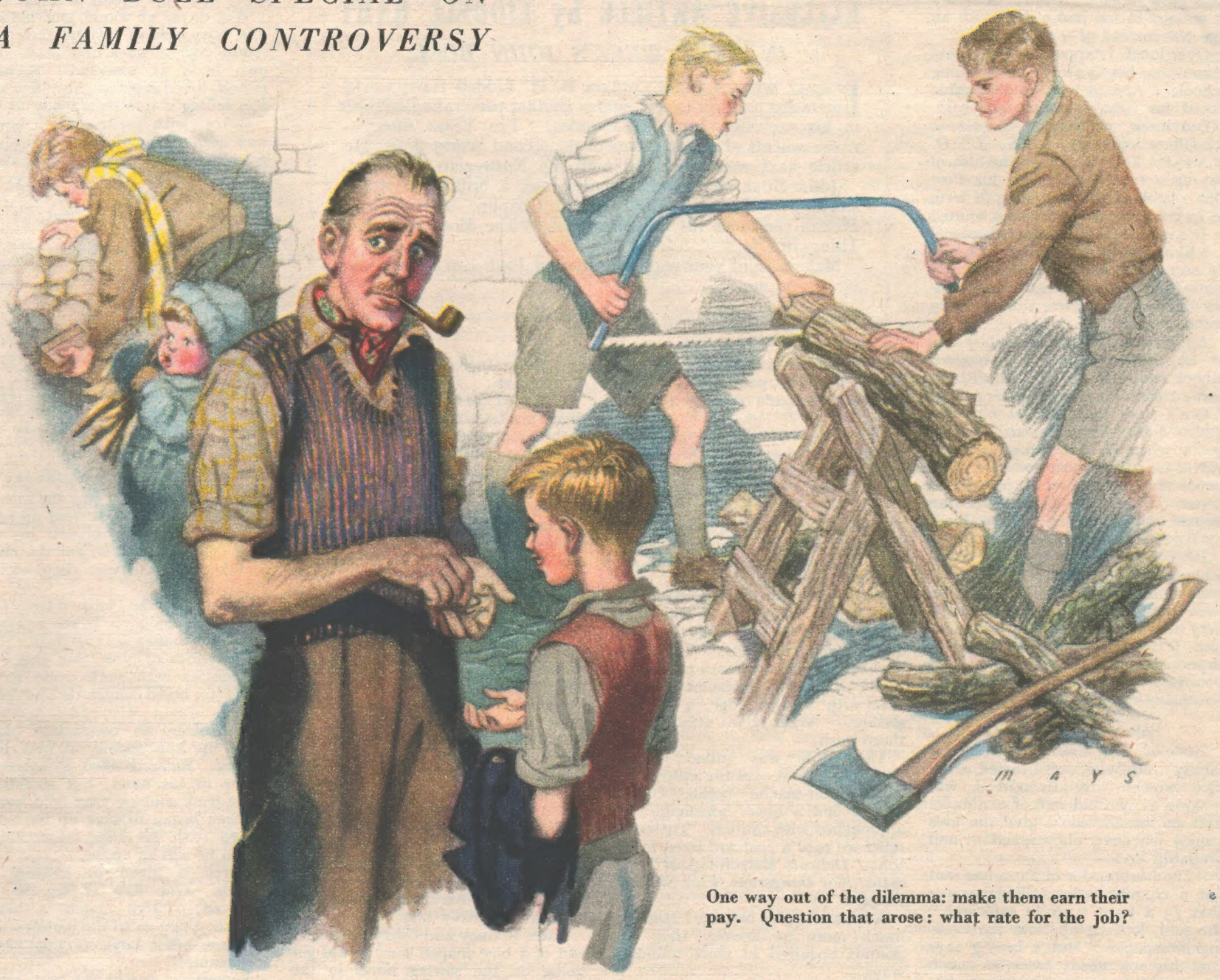


One way out of the dilemma: make them earn their pay. Question that arose: what rate for the job?

Father faces the pocket money problem

by JOHN MAY

Experience and experiment have taught me that *how* a boy gets his pocket money is as important as *how much* he gets

I GLANCED AT THE MYSTERIOUS parcel beside my breakfast plate with all the misgivings of a politician expecting a postal bomb. A sawn-off hockey stick, I thought, or perhaps a boomerang.

My birthday falls precisely the day before my eldest son's. This puts Rodney, now fourteen, rather awkwardly "on the spot." It may seem very friendly for a father and his firstborn to have birthdays side by side. But if the boy expects a decent present, it's painfully up to him to set a good pace on the day before. Hence what seemed to be a model of a question mark wrapped in brown paper.

Rather unfairly, our other kids have to fork out for two birthdays in one week. Amid the usual explanations, wishes, and cries of surprise and delight, I unwrapped their gifts first. As I did so, several suspicious events from the previous few days suddenly clicked into a logical pattern.

Rodney, Garry, Richard—and now Jonathan, too—have sole rights to a room with french doors that open on to the garden. More school friends than usual had been tramping in and out of this playroom recently, I remembered. Hoarse, whispered consultations had broken off abruptly when one approached. Twice I had noticed a visiting nipper skip hastily past the window with something bulging under his jersey.

The climax came when I met an older boy carrying off the tubular metal frame of a streamlined rocking horse. I had intended to repaint it and put the head back on so that Jonathan could ride it. "Where are you going with that?" I queried, stopping him. "For my young brother," the lad said, sheepish but defiant. "I bought it off your Rodney."

Rightly or wrongly, I held my tongue. I don't like making kids go back on their arrangements. "A bit of buying and selling is a good training in values for them," I reassured myself. But the black market in toys bought for pounds and probably sold for pennies made me uneasy.

Now I started to unwrap the queer parcel. Whatever else it was, it was a "boomerang" all right, and it hit me hard. Money, the lack of, was the root of the upheaval—pocket money to buy birthday presents. I realized that the few spasmodic bobs I handed to the kids must be maddeningly unreliable as a source of infant income.

Some kind of home-made "Marshall Plan" was called for. I have always objected to handing out regular pocket money as a kind of right. Wondering how other parents solved the problem, I began a one-man "mass observation" survey among people I met.

The first three answers linked pocket money with schooling. "My neighbour's boy and girl go to one of those do-what-you-like schools," said an acquaintance in the train. "The headmaster gives the kids their age in pennies every Monday." One-and-threepence a week for a fifteen-year-old? "He's living in the past," I said. "Ought to double it." Monday payday was a good idea, though. Made them hold their pocket money for Saturday spending. There was something to be

said for having a sliding scale. But kids grow older willy-nilly; basically it seemed to me just a dole with an age test instead of a means test.

Over lunch I tapped a professional man whose boy is away at a boarding school. "Always used to be trouble about his running short," he said. "You know, versions of the classic schoolboy letter — *'S.O.S. L.S.D. R.S.V.P.'* Then we hit on the idea of paying a regular sum into his Post Office book at the beginning of term so he could draw it out as he wanted it. It's made him surprisingly mean!"

I liked the sound of that. Having an account to look after instead of a pocketful of jangling cash was teaching the boy the reverse side of "easy come, easy go."

An insurance agent whose boy was at an ordinary secondary modern school had tied up his kid with as many rules as a car insurance policy. "Tim's very keen to get on," he said. "I give him a reward of fourpence when he gets ten sums right out of ten; threepence for nine, twopence for eight, and a penny for seven. When he has a drawing pinned on the wall, or a 'Very Good' for English, I give him sixpence."

He was so pleased with his bonus scheme that I didn't like to say it seemed unwittingly cruel. Kids do their best without having to carry bets like a racehorse. To humanize him, I told him about my efficiency expert friend who rewarded his youngest every term for coming *bottom* of the class.

Soft-hearted Mother

None of these ideas quite fitted our family. My wife, soft-hearted as all nice women are, thought I was making a pyramid out of a pimple. Left to herself, she'd give the kids money whenever they asked — and probably does.

"The headmaster of Eton has sent out a circular letter telling parents that £3 a term is quite sufficient," she said, looking up from the evening newspaper. "But a lawyer says that his son needs twice as much because he has such a huge appetite for ice cream, doughnuts and lemonade."

Then she spotted something in a library book. Princess Elizabeth started as a little girl with one shilling a week, but was expected to save when it went up to five.

Five bob a week did not seem much for a princess or an Eton boy, but I couldn't suppress a suspicion that they made an occasional picking by other means. Don't royal or "old school tie" uncles ever slip a silver coin into a youthful hand?

Jonathan, now trot-toddling everywhere at eighteen months, has a precocious amount of cash-collecting charm. But why do people give money to toddlers? They're much more likely to swallow a sixpenny bit than spend it.

The other day an adopted aunt, unnecessarily-stricken at having forgotten a toy she intended for him, gave Jonathan a ten shilling note. Waving it negligently, he explained in infant gibberish that he'd willingly swap it for an *ambo* (apple), *a bumbis* (biscuit), or a *booker* (magazine, preferably with pictures of pretty girls).

Then, having seen me screw up old envelopes, he tried to throw it over the fireguard into the fire.

School kids around our way sometimes earn surprisingly large amounts picking peas and potatoes for farmers at piecework rates; they boast about taking a pound or more in a day. Somehow Rodney and Garry never joined in this field work, and the others are too young. But they occasionally made money in other ways.

One day Garry discovered a phenomenal crop of mushrooms on some old rotting straw. A greengrocer in the local town bought them at half a crown a pound.

Richard, six, digging a hole in the garden, unearthed the skeleton of a very dead chicken. I gave him sixpence to bury it again.

Rodney's reward came from the sky. One morning he saw something white caught up in a high hawthorn overhanging the brook. I'd unpacked my question-mark present by then: it was a fearsome snicker-snee with a razor edge, a "hedge-slasher." With it we attacked the thorn bush.

The white was balloon fabric. Dangling from it over the water was a silver papier-mâché "bomb." On one side it had a queer whirligig. We approached with caution. Then with relief we read a postcard fixed to the top: *"Delicate Meteorological Apparatus. Not Dangerous. Five Shillings Reward."*

Adventure, plus treasure! It meant much more to Rodney than five pounds acquired in more mundane ways.

I realized then that *how* a boy gets his pocket money is just as important, perhaps more so, than *how much*. It should not make him dependent on charity, encourage begging, nor establish him as a juvenile "unemployed" with a right to a dole. Instead it should make a man of him.

I decided that my kids should *earn* their pocket money at something both useful and fun. One morning when they asked "Any jobs, Dad?" I said, "Yes, and wages for anyone who wants to work."

They didn't stop to ask how much; it was a stampede. The pocket money and the odd-job problems cancelled one another completely from that moment.

Apple picking in our small orchard became an industry. While the three oldest clambered about in the trees like monkeys, I had a fulltime job moving ladders and emptying baskets. They munched all the time; the number of apples a boy can consume in a day is astronomical.

Blackberrying in season carried a bonus of a penny for every pound jamjar filled.

Cut Down A Hedge

After a night of high winds, we'd all take sacks and go round the hedges and under the trees collecting kindling wood, coming home in a strange, hump-backed procession. I'd carried the heavy bits.

Later Rodney and Garry, on either end of a bow-shaped saw, would get going on the sawing horse in the backyard, Richard rolling the logs to me to be split. Jonathan and the dog would run around with twigs getting in everybody's way.

We cut down a hedge, put up a fence, hung a new gate, repaired the chicken run, and once spent a sunny morning planting nasturtium seeds in every nook and cranny of an old wall.

Wet days, we found jobs indoors. The boys always cleaned their bedrooms once a week and made their own beds at weekends. Richard, gloved, loved disentangling steel wool and rolling it into balls ready to use.

Garry, with thrice-washed hands, was keen on cutting up oranges or grapefruit to make marmalade. Rodney, similarly scrubbed, operated with a sharp knife on the cold joint and minced up the meat for the shepherd's pie.

Working hours were 9.30 to 12.30. This allowed time after breakfast to organize jobs, and gave the kids a spell of football or cricket before dinner. We had a break for cocoa and cake at eleven. I needed a breather much more than the boys; they were practically tireless.

There was no work in the afternoons, no time-wasting in the mornings. "I'm not going to pay you money if you lark about."

Man-to-Man Arrangement

A shilling an hour was the rate for the two eldest boys; it went up later. Richard, not fully broken in, was paid "because you've got the cheek to take it." Otherwise there was no charity.

I wanted the jobs done; they wanted the money. It was a satisfying, man-to-man arrangement. The modern idea of protecting kids from all contact with work seems to me liable to breed sluggards and playboys.

We made no regulations about what the kids should do with their money. Richard liked to carry his about in his hand, but sometimes came back sobbing that he'd lost it. Rodney began to save up for a suit to go with his resplendent tie of which he was so proud.

Garry is given to treating his friends. One day at tea he announced: "I've saved a whole pound. I can go to the pictures with nineteen other boys, or buy eighty ice-creams!"

Sometimes one of the boys would give his wages back. "Will you bank it for me, Dad?" It meant pocketing it, writing the amount in my diary, and being ready to dub up when asked. This seemed a better plan to me than money boxes. Rattling cash is always a temptation, and I don't like that burglarious business of hooking coins out again on a jammy table knife poked through the slot.

Pocket-money For Wives

The family wages plan worked well. I was boasting about it to my wife one afternoon when she suddenly said: "What about pocket money for wives?" She'd noticed on my income tax return that I claimed, as expenses, a weekly amount paid to her for "secretarial assistance."

"I know that I get it in the long run, John," she said sweetly. "But do you think you could pay it regularly? Perhaps I could have an account of my own, and the bank could pay it in each week."

I went out into the garden with my murderous hedge-slasher to behead a few defenceless twigs. She was quite right, of course. "Spending money" (is there any other kind?) for everybody, by all means!

But what does the chancellor of the family exchequer do when he needs a few shillings for himself? Cut himself a slice of current deficit? "Perhaps," I murmured, "if I strolled in to see my bank manager, toying casually with this snicker-snee. . . ."

THE END

Rodney (left) and Garry. Father said: "Spend it how you like"

EXCLUSIVE ARTICLE by LIDDELL HART

IN NEXT WEEK'S JOHN BULL

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, world-renowned military expert, writes another penetrating analysis in his exclusive JOHN BULL series, "Ten Years After"—reassessments of major events of the second World War. His article next week will deal with the Norwegian campaign.

JOHN BULL next week includes, too, a brilliant complete story, *The Easter Jarpin'* by Sid Chaplin. And Wilfred Pickles continues his intimate series, "The Most Important Things in Life."

Make sure of your copy by ordering JOHN BULL from your newsagent now.

British Movietone calls on Peggy the camel at London Zoo. Sound engineer Derek Stiles offers a tit-bit

Hell-for-leather life of the newsreel man

by DENNIS HOLMAN

His assignment may be anything from an erupting volcano to a Cup Final. In the past, scotching rivals was a tougher job than getting his shots

AROUND LUNCH-TIME most days there is a group of men at the end of the bar in the Ship in Wardour Street, London. Their names—Fisher, Tozer, Hanshaw, Cannon, Wyand, Gray, Gemmell, Read, Gordon, Noble, Bonnett—are not generally known to the public, though their work is to be seen in the cinemas every day; for these are some of the newsreel cameramen.

"I," says Paul Wyand, "am the fattest." He weighs twenty stone.

Wyand's size has never prevented his getting into difficult spots to take pictures. At Epsom they erect a platform on scaffolding 120 feet high to shoot an uninterrupted picture of the Derby from start to finish.

"A tricky and windy perch, that," says Wyand. He goes up year after year. Slimmer men have failed. Once a runner got stuck half-way up the scaffolding and was too scared to go up or down. The fire brigade had to come up with a ladder.

Wyand is British Movietone's chief cameraman. There are six others. He joined the company as a cameraman in 1929, and in those twenty-one years reckons he must have shot about 600 miles of celluloid.

Honour Bound To "Pinch"

"It used to be a more hectic game before the war," he says. "You either belonged to the company which had paid for exclusive film rights, and had to keep the pirates out. Or you were on the outside, honour bound to get in somehow and 'pinch' pictures."

One year, Gaumont and Movietone were "in" at the Oval, when their spies reported opposition cameras fitted with telephoto lenses mounted at windows in a block of flats overlooking the pitch. Sun arcs were positioned and flashed at the windows to blind the pirating cameras, but the pirates countered with mirrors, reflecting the light into the batsman's eyes until the umpire stopped play and called off the sun arcs.

At Nottingham, the opposition rented a house and set up on the roof, with a perfect view of the test match play. The rightful newsreel brought up a massive balloon, which was tethered to float right in the middle of the pirate's camera angles — a bold challenge which no "pincher" could possibly resist.

A saboteur was sent in disguised as a respectable citizen, ingratiated himself into the balloon keeper's confidence, and even offered to mind the balloon while the keeper went off to get himself a cup of tea. When the keeper returned to his post, the balloon was soaring high above the chimney pots, and its honorary guardian was back on the roof. A pair of wire cutters lying on the grass completed the story.

Aintree used once to be a newsreel battlefield every year, with pirates operating among the crowd from the open canal side, because filming without permission was forbidden within the Grand National enclosures.

Guardians of the exclusive film rights hired spies to trail the pirates to their spots on the canal side and obstruct them as soon as they started shooting. Pirates organized a counter espionage to trail the trailers and prevent them from obstructing.

"Free fights were frequent," says Wyand, "and many a cameraman and his bodyguard wound up in the canal."

Countering The Pirates

A vulnerable point in the defences was a tree near the canal overlooking the course. But defenders would put up smoke screens. One year, flares were lit to dazzle the pirates, and a lot of people with money on Golden Miller, the favourite, blamed his not winning on the flares.

Pathé is credited with the most effective counter-measures at Aintree. As soon as the race started, up went a magnificent streamer banner, and pirates could not help filming the headlines: "Exclusive Film Rights to Pathé."

"Pinching" on the inside called for much harder and subtler work, for the pirate can't really resist and fight it out if he is caught, as he would on the canal side at Aintree.

For one Cup Final, Jack Cotter dressed up as a West Ham supporter and entered the grounds carrying a massive symbolic wooden hammer on a pole. This was lifted above the crowd. As soon as the play started, a shutter opened in the head of the hammer, and a remote-controlled ciné camera followed the ball up and down the field.

Somewhere in a pirate's vicinity it is usual to find a decoy, and before Wyand was married he often used to take his fiancée on "pinching" expeditions. The decoy's function is to hold the reels of film as soon as these are exposed, because if the pirate is caught he is led without ado to a room set aside for the purpose, where his camera is opened and all the film he has shot is spilled upon the floor.

Knee Deep In Film

"I've often been knee deep in spoiled film," Wyand says. "But it's always done good-humouredly." And etiquette demands that the pirate be then led to the bar and bought a double whisky.

"Trouble was," Wyand continues, "the game got out of hand. I remember the time when newsreels seemed more concerned with beating the opposition than getting pictures themselves."

The war seems to have brought the newsreels together. Cameramen were pooled as war correspondents, and their pictures made available to all the companies. The arrangement worked very well, with the result that the Grand National this year will be covered by thirty-eight cameramen at various points along the course.

Newsreels generally steer clear of crime and sensational stories; and permission has never been given for the filming of an interior of either House of Parliament during a session,

Shock troops of Soho Square. With Paul Wyand (extreme left) at the bar of the Ship are Jock Gemmell (on his left) and Ken Gordon (second from right)

or of a court of law while a trial is in progress.

Some events require a cameraman and his sound engineer to be in position before the crowds start collecting, perhaps eight hours before shooting; but once pictures are taken, things begin to move. A runner is standing by with a fast car. Cameraman George Richardson, once a runner, tells of breakneck rides across the country bringing back film to be edited, processed and distributed in the shortest possible time.

At the last Command Film Performance, the Royal Family arrived at the theatre at 8.10 p.m. At 10.20 p.m., immediately after the big features, a newsreel produced by Movietone for the Newsreel Association showed the distinguished audience arriving and being presented to the King and Queen.

High-speed Developing

What happened at Movietone's headquarters in Soho Square in those two hours was merely a speeded-up version of the usual routine — the negative developed (normally at the rate of 1,000 feet an hour) and screened before editor Tom Scales, sitting between cutter Sid Wiggins and commentary writer Cecil Burge.

They decide what part of the negative shall be used; frequently a story which lasts perhaps a minute on the screen has to be reduced from 1,000 feet of original negative to the required ninety feet. The negative is cut and the film passed to Stan Wicken for matching to music or retaining the appropriate sound.

Next, the commentary is recorded. The commentator does not speak at the moving picture on the screen: the modern technique is to work to a series of light signals. The picture film is threaded up on one projector, the music and sound track on others, and Leslie Mitchell or Lionel Gamlin takes his place by the microphone in the commentator's box.

The commentary is rehearsed to the picture and sound tracks, while Pat Sunderland judges the balance which he will give to the various sounds when he eventually mixes them in the final sound track.

The new sound track is then developed, matched to the original picture negative and handed to the laboratory for printing. About 250 copies are made for rapid distribution to the cinemas. A newsreel comes out twice a week. The length is controlled at 700 feet, or ten minutes' screen time.

Occasional slips have been known to occur in the processing. G. B. Samuelson, the veteran producer, used to tell how the great Bill Barker once shot a newsfilm of the Boat Race at a time when he was also making a film about Antony and Cleopatra.

In the cutting room the films got mixed up, and the newsreel had to be rushed out without a check run through. Everything went smoothly in the cinema until a title announced "Oxford Crew Passes Under Hammersmith Bridge," and the audience saw a magnificent shot of the state barge of Egypt sailing down the Nile, with a ravishing Cleopatra reclining on silk cushions and Nubian slaves fanning away the flies.

Much of the cameraman's time is spent in the newsroom playing rummy, waiting for a story to break. He must be prepared for practically anything to come his way, from spending a night in an open boat following a Channel swimmer, to donning shorts and entering in the London to Brighton Walk, as Paul Wyand once did, to add a bit of comic relief.

Cameramen are easygoing extroverts, living very much in the present. Each knows the other, and as far as possible even rivals contrive to share the same hotels on a job, and to drink at the same bars when the light fades. Theirs is a paradoxical code; obstructing a rival is as legitimate as a bunker is in golf, but he must be lent a fresh reel if he runs out of film.

Habits And Fancies

Their drinking habits are fairly uniform—mild and bitter during the day, rum after sunset; and for a month or so after the Lord Mayor's Show it appears to be correct for cameramen drinking in the Ship to ask for rum and hot milk.

They seem to favour tweed suits, and it is fashionable at the moment for them to drive on their horns when passing through the tunnel under the bridge between Fenny and Stony Stratford on the main road to Birmingham.

"We have only one superstition," Wyand adds. "It's a bad break to pass a funeral on the way to a job—unless you also see an expectant mother before arriving on the spot."

The union minimum for a newsreel cameraman is £15 a week, with danger money every time he flies. Top-notchers are earning £20 to £30 a week, all expenses paid, with car and camera equipment valued at £6,500 supplied by the firm.

Flew Over Volcano

Luck walks hand in hand with a great scoop. Norman Fisher's best pictures are of Vesuvius erupting. He says: "In 1944 I arrived in Naples the day before the volcano went up. I was sharing a hotel room with an American airman, who took me up in a plane. We flew diagonally over the crater, bumping through the hot air and smoke, and I got shots of molten rock the size of tramcars hurtling up into the air and falling back into the pit. . . ."

Lava bubbled over the torn lips of the crater and spilled sluggishly downhill. Fisher filmed it piling against the walls of houses, pushing them down. Water mains and sewers burst under the streets, spouting jets of steam. The village of San Sebastiano was levelled remorselessly as villagers kept praying on their knees before the scorching wave and backing as it crept nearer.

"Salerno was covered in ash to a depth of four feet," Fisher recalls. "But who do you think I bumped into in a sulphurous-smelling olive grove on the third day? — Paul Wyand." "Yes," Wyand agrees, "it's a small world."

Alec Tozer is perhaps the most widely travelled of the cameramen. He also has a record for the number of his arrests. The Chinese arrested him 1,000 miles up the Burma Road, and the Russians arrested him outside Tehran.

At Tobruk, Tozer's captors were Australians—because they found him wearing an Italian overcoat and driving an Italian car. The Australians were celebrating at the time, and the more Tozer tried to explain, the more they beat him up. But next day they checked his credentials, apologized for the inconvenience and invited him to another party.

The four newsreel companies share the ace cameramen pretty evenly. Two of Paramount's best men were killed on war assignments. They now have Ronnie Read, formerly with Eisenhower and the first correspondent into Berlin; Jim Gemmell, Britain's leading naval cameraman; and Henry Hawkins.

Pathé's best are Jock Gemmell, one of the oldest hands at the game, and Ken Gordon. Gaumont have John Turner, who got the sinking of H.M.S. *Barham*; Ronnie Noble, who was captured at Tobruk and escaped in Italy through Switzerland into France, where he joined the Maquis; Sid (*Over Everest*) Bonnett, the pioneer flying cameraman; and Peter Cannon, famous for his London blitz pictures.

Movietone claims Norman Fisher, Alec Tozer, Ken Hanshaw, Martin Gray, who recorded Churchill opening the Canadian Parliament and making his "Some chicken, some neck!" speech, and Paul Wyand, reputedly the best follow-cameraman in Britain—in other words a specialist in following a fast-moving object with the camera's eye and keeping the object always in the middle.

Kissed By Russians

Wyand covered the Royal Tour in South Africa, but his best pictures are of the bombing of Monte Cassino. He also got the British and Russian forces meeting and kissing, and was kissed himself. He filmed the Belsen pictures, Himmler after suicide, "Haw Haw" being captured, and Montgomery receiving the German surrender.

"Monty," Paul Wyand says, "doesn't usually like fat people, but we got on like brothers from the moment he saw me." Wyand feels Montgomery's first reactions to him are worth recording:

"What's that?" the soldier asked an aide, pointing at the back view of the fattest cameraman bending and rummaging in his case.

"An official war correspondent, sir."

"For a moment," Montgomery remarked, "I thought it was a Sherman tank."

THE END

Scale document down

JOHN BULL April 1 1950

Master of Progress

by ***THURMAN WARRINER***

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC WADE

Electricity ran everything in Farlsby—everything except Tom Willis's property. He preferred to run it himself, be his own boss

Tom was dead beat. It wasn't till he was on the seat that he noticed Kitty there, watching him

FARLSBY, where Tom Willis lived, has a population of 214 and is 537 feet above sea-level. It has five farms, sixty-three cottages, a church, chapel, school, and parish hall (ex Nissen hut). Farlsby Manor is the residence of Colonel Bransby Brank-some-Chine.

Now I used to spend a lot of time at Farlsby. I knew it long before it was a reference on the National Grid. I used to stay with the Willis family when the old man was alive. From experience, I can tell you that the operative factor among the data provided above is Farlsby's height above sea-level. Farlsby is built as near the top of the downs as they could get it without the wind blowing it into the sea fifteen miles away.

Five hundred and thirty-seven feet isn't a lot when you live in Switzerland. But it can be a lot in England. Half the conversation in Farlsby always turns to the weather. Jim Copley was born the winter of the long frost, Jenny Hythe died the spring that Caleb's chicken-house was washed away in the storm. In town, the weather is three lines at the foot of the third column. In places like Farlsby it is taken more seriously.

When old man Willis was alive, Farlsby was what you might have called isolated. A carrier's car trundled twice a week to Meldham, five miles away, which had the nearest railway, electric lamp, post office, cinema, and ante-natal clinic. But soon after Willis died and left the farm to his son Tom, things began to happen.

The twentieth century discovered Farlsby. In 1938 a bus service started, three times a day. Just before the war, a long line of pipes brought nice, chlorinated, filtered water so that Farlsby didn't have to poison itself drinking straight from the chalk, and a long line of poles brought light, power and quarterly bills.

The village lapped up all this like clotted cream. Farlsby went all out for progress. But there was one man who didn't take to it. Tom Willis. It was surprising, for Tom was no country clodhopper. He'd been to grammar school. He was mocked long and loudly by the young farmers, especially by Harry Drake, their secretary.

"Still pulling water out of the ol' well, Tom?"

He nodded. "Can't get used to this piped stuff. Tea never tastes the same somehow."

"No 'lectricity yet?"

"I like lamps. Nice cosy sort of light. Can't stand these whirring machines. Same with cows. If I was a cow I'd rather feel somebody's hands tickling my udder than these aluminium tubes."

"Behind the times, that's what you are, Tom."

"No." He shook his head. "If I liked all this new stuff I'd have it. But I don't, so what?"

He was big and slow-moving, good-tempered. He was prosperous, too, the best farmer for miles round. A housekeeper looked after him, but Tom had his eye on Kitty Felloes, and it was pretty plain that the housekeeper wouldn't reign long if Kitty would only hold her left hand still just long enough for Tom to get a ring on the third finger.

But she didn't. Harry Drake, in 1946, had two tractors, a new silo, electric milkers, hot water on tap, a car like a battleship, and a television set on order. It was too much for Kitty. Tom Willis's face grew a little harder, his lip a little longer. He shrugged his shoulders and went his own way.

It was about that time that the man came up from Meldham and tried to sell him a tractor. He came up in a shiny green service-van and discovered Tom in the cow-house. He was a tall man with wide shoulders and a pork-pie hat, and he looked as if he had about as much connection with farming as the commander of a submarine.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said breezily, "that you're still using *horses?*"

"Three," said Tom. "Blossom, Daisy and Bob."

"Man, you're in the stone age."

Tom Willis nodded. "Sure. It's grand."

"I'd like to demonstrate our Alden 245B. Built for you, Mr. Willis. Cheap and easy to run, comprehensive service. Payments spread over two, three, four years. Not a job on your farm it can't do. You've three horses. Man, it'll do the work of seven."

Tom Willis said: "I *like* horses."

"Sure. We all like horses. I'm crazy about 'em. Grand things. But the place for horses is a racecourse, not on your farm. Now I'm willing to demonstrate that there isn't a job on your farm that horses are doing now that can't be done seven times as quick and seven times as easy by the 245B."

"No?" said Tom Willis. He nodded through the cow-house door to a pile of steaming manure in the yard. "Take a look at that."

The service engineer gave it up. As he said to Harry Drake half an hour later, there isn't a thing you can do with a fellow like that.

So on January 11, at twenty past four in the afternoon, the position was that Tom Willis was still going his own way and to hell with progress; Harry Drake was wondering if next June would be a good time for the wedding, and Kitty Felloes was debating the merits of a solitaire or three diamonds in a row.

And then at twenty-one minutes past four, it started to snow. It snowed all night. Next morning the ground was covered to a depth of nine inches, and it was still snowing.

During the day, the electric cables between the poles began to droop. At six in the evening, with resounding pings and pongs, they snapped. The inhabitants of Farlsby began rummaging in attics and glory holes for long-discarded paraffin lamps.

Next morning it was still snowing, and the mercury was shrinking in the thermometers like a spendthrift's bank-balance.

Three days later the snow stopped just long enough for Farlsby to crawl outdoors and look at itself. By that time the water pipes were frozen, every telephone line was down, the village shop had dispensed its last half-pint of paraffin, and ten-foot drifts lay along the Meldham road.

Old Jeff Darlow said there hadn't been

anything like it since he was a boy eighty-seven years ago, and then it had stayed like it for nine weeks. He had just delivered himself of this comforting reminiscence when the snow started again. It snowed all night, all next day, and all night again.

It was, of course, highly inconvenient for everybody. But less inconvenient for Tom Willis than most. He wasn't short of paraffin. His water well was seventy feet deep. On Sunday, he reclined before a merry fire and listened to the Hallé Orchestra on his battery set, and afterwards to a variety show.

It was seven in the evening when Harry Drake came round. Harry's face was flushed with embarrassment. Water, he told Tom, was the worst trouble. Some of the wells had been filled in, others fouled.

"It's the stock I'm thinking about," he said in a strangled voice.

Tom nodded sympathetically. "If you can get a cart round, help yourself from the stable pump," he said. "That goes for everybody who's short."

"Thanks a lot." He twirled his hat. "Tried to break through on the Meldham road this afternoon, but no luck."

Tom nodded again. "I heard a lot of noise. Thought that's what you'd be doing."

Harry Drake left it at that.

ON Tuesday, the inhabitants organized an emergency committee and called a meeting in the Village Hall. The prime movers were the vicar, the Rev. Thirlmere Verity, and Colonel Bransby Branksome-Chine. The meeting promised to be uncomfortable, since the ex-Nissen hut had been warmed by thermostatically controlled electric heaters and lighted, of course, by electric lamps. All the Farlsby candles had long since been consumed to their last gutter, and pocket toches — two of them, belonging to the vicar and Colonel Branksome-Chine—provided a ghostly glimmer in which the shivering villagers looked at each other and their leaders with doubt and misgiving.

It was then that Tom Willis made his appearance, carrying in his right hand a broomstick from which hung, like so many rabbits, six brightly burning hurricane lamps. Was there a trace of smugness in his manner as he arranged them at strategic points and turned to the assembly, rubbing his hands?

"Well, that's better than nothing," he said.

He noticed Kitty sitting between her father and mother, and Harry Drake hovering nearby. "Hallo, Kitty," he said. "Hallo, Harry."

The vicar proceeded to list the items of their distress. There was no cause for alarm, he pointed out, dear me, no! But they had to remember that this was an unprecedented visitation. Such Arctic weather was rare in these favoured islands, and there was, alas! no organization equipped to deal with such an emergency. Faced by shortage of water, fuel and food, they must recognize, etc., etc. . . . And the young children, what of them?

The freezing population of Farlsby muttered uneasily. From the back row, old Jeff Darlow quavered, "We got through to Meldham in 1867. And this ain't no wuss than that."

"And how," asked the vicar, "did you get through in 1867?"

"'Osses. You c'n do things with 'osses you can't with tractors. Three 'osses could get through. Fust 'oss makes a bit of a track. Next 'oss tramps it down 'ard. Time your third 'oss comes up, ground's like a turnpike road. Even if it ain't wide enough for a wagon to foller through, you've made a way and you c'n git your shovels to work."

"That's all right," piped a nearer voice, "but where's your 'osses? Ain't no 'osses in Farlsby."

"There's three," said Tom Willis. "Blossom, Daisy and Bob." He looked round with a half smile. "They all happen to be mine."

In the silence, the vicar said: "Are we to take it, Mr. Willis, that you're willing to try and get through?"

"That's up to you, all of you. I'm all right. I've plenty of water, plenty of oil. I don't miss the telephone because I've never had it. Won't worry me if it stops like this till Easter. But if any of you folk don't feel so happy, why, yes, I'll go through." There was a short silence. Then the vicar murmured:

"Most public spirited. No doubt we can get a band of volunteers to accompany Mr. Willis on his—ah—hazardous venture?"

"I wouldn't want them, thank you, sir. I've never had much use for committees. Always been used to depending on myself."

"Well, of course . . . just as you like, Mr. Willis. We all feel—ah—deeply in your debt."

Tom Willis nodded. "It's a pleasure, sir." He looked round. "Now, if you'll call round at my place and let me know what you'll want bringing, I'll see you get it. Put your ration books and orders and money in envelopes and write your names outside. And if Mrs. Hambley"—he nodded towards the woman who owned the village store—"if Mrs. Hambley likes to send an order to her wholesalers, I'll look after that as well."

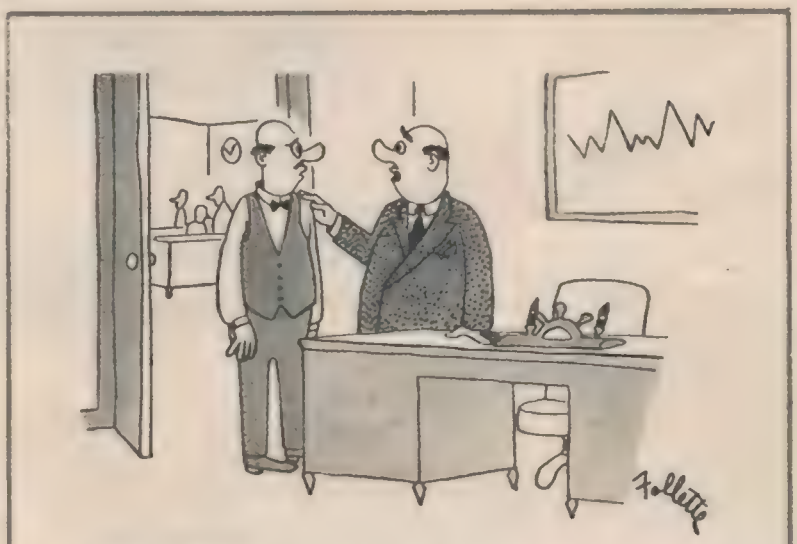
"Sporting offer!" said Colonel Branksome-Chine. "No need to prolong proceedings. Better be getting home."

Tom nodded. "Just what I was thinking. I daresay we've all got plenty to do." He nodded towards the lamps. "And the power plant belongs to me, so if everybody's ready to make a move. . . ."

Now that was the main stream of events at the emergency meeting. But there were undercurrents. Those undercurrents were Harry Drake's glances of pure hate, the shuffling discomfiture of the tractor-ridden and progress-bereft Young Farmers, and the careful way Kitty Felloes poised herself between the opposing forces. She glanced with half a smile at Harry, then with the other half at Tom.

Tom sat in the firelight that night, listening to his battery wireless, moving his left hand in a stroking way. He was thinking it was Kitty's hair he was stroking. Well, maybe after tomorrow, if things went the way he thought. . . .

It wasn't long before the orders came rolling in. He thought it wouldn't do Farlsby any harm to suffer another twenty-four hours. But he went round the back way to old Mrs. Povey's cottage to see if she was all right for oil, and he slipped Jeff Darlow a packet of tobacco and a hunk of fat bacon, and told the Gatesby family (who had nine children and another nearly) that if they were short of fuel or food they'd to come up and help themselves.



"I realize that you want a rise, Carter, but look at my side of the question. I don't want to give you one"

And at eight o'clock next morning he hitched Blossom, Daisy and Bob to the wagon, threw in a shovel and a great pile of old sacking, and set off. There wasn't a soul in the street, but he knew that all Farlsby was watching from behind the window curtains. He rode like a lonely conqueror past the village hall and the church, his short, squat pipe in his mouth, his face grim and proud.

Outside Kitty Felloes's door he stopped. A curtain moved.

"Kitty!" he called, and the door opened a crack.

"Kitty, like a ride into Meldham? I thought we might go to the pictures when we've done Farlsby's shopping."

It was his big moment. He stood in the wagon smiling and waiting. The door closed with an emphatic slam.

UNBELIEVABLE! Tom Willis stood there a full minute before he would admit he was licked, admit he had been wrong. Then he clicked his tongue at the horses and went on. He turned the corner into the Meldham road. He came to the place where they'd tried to get through with the tractors. The snow was packed solid, and it was filthy with oil. He got another hundred yards before Blossom stopped. The snow on the Meldham road would have stopped a herd of elephants. He threw the shovel out of the wagon and jumped after it. He began to dig.

That was at half-past eight.

At five o'clock that afternoon, when it was dropping dark, he was still digging, following the same technique he had been using all day; first a bit of a track for Blossom, then five yards advance, then dig out under the wheels and lay down the sacking for grip. Yard by yard, yard by yard, till he was through the worst of the drifts.

At half-past seven he staggered into the Brown Cow at Meldham. He didn't have to bother about anything else. A dozen willing hands took his orders, packed the wagon, looked after Blossom and Bob and Daisy, while Tom Willis toasted himself brown in front of the fire, drank half a bottle of rum and ate three weeks' meat ration.

And at eleven o'clock that night he was back at Farlsby. They had given him up, gone to their freezing beds, many of them supperless. But doors opened as he came round the corner, and a thin cheer split the frosty air. By the light of the hurricane lamps swinging over the wagon's side, he threw the provender out, helped Mrs. Hambley down with the heavy packages for the shop, lowered the drums of oil to the snow-covered ground. The crowd, after the stores had been distributed, hurried away.

Tom was all in, dead beat. He leaned against the cart for a moment. It wasn't till he climbed up into the seat that he noticed Kitty standing against the shaft, smiling and looking up at him.

I HEARD the story in bits and pieces from Mrs. Hambley, the vicar, old Jeff Darlow, and Colonel Branksome-Chine. I often thought I'd like to hear Tom Willis's version, but somehow I never got around to seeing Tom.

And then, when I got to the farm, I could scarcely believe my eyes. There was a new tractor just inside the yard. I could hear the drone of a milking machine. He had built a new silo, bigger than any other silo in Farlsby.

"What price horses?" I asked slyly.

"Oh, I've still got 'em. Blossom and Daisy and Bob. They come in handy, and you never know."

"And the well?"

"Still keep the old pump primed. You never know. Same with the paraffin lamps. It'll take more than A-bombs to catch me napping."

We went into the house. Kitty was using an electric iron on Tom's shirt. There was an electric cooker, a frig in the corner, a washing machine, a stainless sink-unit. . . .

Tom clapped me on the back. "Come and take a look round," he said proudly.

It was all there—even to electric blankets in the big four-poster he shares with Kitty.

"Moving with the times, eh?" I said.

He winked. "I've got everything," he said. "Why shouldn't I have? I'm entitled to 'em, aren't I? I'm the only man in Farlsby who *is* entitled to 'em, aren't I? I'm the only man who's proved he can live without any of 'em, aren't I?"

He winked again. "I could tell you when I decided to go in for all this. Remember the big snow? It's quite a story. . . ."

It was. But, of course, I'd already heard it. THE END

Unnoticed as they stand on the fringe of the crowd, Wilfred and Mabel hear a Hyde Park orator

What a boon our freedom is!

by WILFRED PICKLES

To this John Bull series, "The Most Important Things in Life," Pickles brings all the warmth and sincerity that have endeared him to millions

WHEN I think of freedom I see Hyde Park and the market squares of the milltowns. And I bring to mind the soapbox orator telling the crowd: "The day is coming when you will all have your freedom." A pause, and then he added: "When you get your freedom you will be the happiest people on earth. See the man over there in his Rolls-Royce? You'll all have Rolls-Royces when you get your freedom. See that chap smoking a big cigar? You'll all have big cigars when you get your freedom."

At this point a little man at the front of the crowd shook his head and piped up: "But I don't like big cigars!" The speaker fixed him with a glare, laid an elbow on his pulpit top, and said over a wagging finger: "See here, when you get your freedom you'll do as you're blinking well told!"

Where, but in Britain, could that story be told with full effect?

A few weeks ago I was seeing off an old friend at Liverpool dockside. He was on his way to South Africa, where he intends to settle down for good. As we shook hands he talked with all the eagerness of an adventurer and was full of confidence in the Dominion and his own prospects there. "Wish you were coming, too?" he laughed. "Not me!" I told him. "You can talk about taxation and rationing till you're blue in the face—but I wouldn't leave here for anything."

His sympathy was wasted on me. As a teenage counter assistant I once heard somebody in the shop say, "It's not how you live, it's *who* you live with that counts." I have nothing against the South Africans; nor, for that matter, against anybody else overseas. But I know how I felt when I was away for a few weeks in America, and how good it was to get back among my own folk, with all their warmth towards each other and their steadfastness in Britain's sternest moments.

TYPICAL of this philosophy that enables us to ride out life's storms and squalls is the outlook of the old lady of over seventy who went to see *Have a Go!* when we were at Oldham. On the day tickets were being given out it was cold and blustery and snow was beginning to fall. But the old lady kept her place in the queue. After waiting for about an hour she turned to a young couple standing behind her and said: "Well luvs, if we don't get tickets, we might get pneumonia!"

I often marvel at the way we in Britain behave ourselves in our freedom. I can't help thinking that programmes like *Have a Go!* would never have survived in Hitler's Germany.

Out of all the hundreds of recordings Barney Colehan and I have made, only a dozen or so have had to be cut because somebody has taken too much advantage of the freedom of the "mike." Mainly, these have been cases of honest-to-goodness swear words. I usually want to let them remain—until I remember how they would upset my Aunt Lizzie. There are a few million Aunt Lizzies with every bit as much right to have their freedom respected as the rest of us.

ONE of the greatest joys I know—I get a real kick out of it, especially on crisp, invigorating spring mornings—is to nip round to Hyde Park and stand among the easy-going, understanding crowd who stay to hear sermons, speeches and debates, prayers and propaganda about everything from atheism to salvation. There, freedom is much more than a lovely word.

And how amusing it is to see the British policeman, with an "I've-seen-it-all-before" look, hovering on the fringe of the scene, aloof from it all—as in the story about the soapboxer who roused everybody's interest except the bobby's. "And what about you?" he asked, throwing his question over the caps and trilbies towards the helmet. "Don't you want to be saved?"

"Wait a minute, he's a policeman," protested one of the crowd. And that was the end of that!

I've listened to speakers, with only a few yards separating them, filling the air with views about vegetarianism, anarchy and the transmigration of souls. In the hub of theatreland I've seen men walking in the gutter wearing placards with Christian messages. That is freedom, too. It is there in the way the Salvation Army lass goes into the tap room of a pub to sell the *War Cry*; and in the quiet dignity of the nuns who go round collecting for the Little Sisters of the Poor.

In politics, too, we are just as free. Mabel and I had to laugh one afternoon during election time when we noticed a window of a typical suburban "semi" in North London. The bay was divided into three sections; and in each was an election poster—one for Labour, the next for Conservative, the third for Liberal.

All the freedom and firm independence of our fifty million folk was reflected in the calmly authoritative way the B.B.C. covered the election: it was there, in the voices of John Snagge, Stuart Hibberd and David Lloyd James, just as it is there all the year round in the range of programmes designed for a people of free tastes.

MABEL and I, as we travel up and down Britain, get plenty of chances to see what freedom really means in the everyday lives of all of us. It is the accompaniment to the voices of a Welsh choir; it is the backcloth for a group of Highland dancers. I think of freedom when I hear the Keswick mountain singers rendering "John Peel," and as I watch the crowds in Preston at Easter-time.

Our freedom is a warm, rich, human, everyday affair; but it fits into the grand style of the words of the late President Roosevelt: "Freedom of speech and expression everywhere; the freedom, and the right, to worship God in their own way everywhere; freedom from want; and freedom from fear!"

Wordsworth put it well, too, when he said:

We must be free or die,
Who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake;
The faith and morals hold which Milton held. . . .
In everything we are sprung of earth's first blood,
Have titles manifold.

And if I hear anybody making use of his freedom to say, "This country's had it!" I'll make use of mine to reply: "Get away wi' thee!"

NEXT WEEK: Wilfred Pickles on Money

Section of the I.C.I. works at Wilton. Key to a nation's strength today is its chemical production. Wilton will keep us in the lead

Secrets of Britain's chemical kingdom

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Out of coal, water, oil and salt, scientific wizards in a giant new factory are conjuring telephones, lingerie, false teeth and 101 other things for man to use

IT TAKES A MAJOR upheaval to uproot a Cockney and in the case of Johnny Hance, of Tooting, it took nothing less than the birth of one of the world's greatest industrial centres to move him and his family to a northern outpost of Yorkshire. Hance, the displaced Londoner, is now one of the first citizens of Britain's new chemical kingdom, the vast Wilton Works of Imperial Chemical Industries.

A short, dark man with twinkling eyes, Hance is well cast in a rôle of sorcerer's apprentice in this new realm of scientific wizardry, where chemists conjure lingerie, fishing line or anti-freeze out of coal, water, oil and salt. Hance, who oversees one stage in the process whereby a lump of coal is transformed into such objects as telephones, likes to make out that Wilton's main advantages are the country lanes of the Cleveland Hills. "If I were only courting," he declares with a mock sigh, "Wilton would be all right."

But Hance did not move his family from London just to enjoy country lanes. He came to work in a factory which is so modern that some of its processes are still regarded in other parts of the world as scientific impossibilities.

Wilton is designed to be a showpiece of industrial Britain, and £22,000,000 is being spent on the first stage of development to demonstrate British leadership in industrial chemistry.

Today there are two plastics plants in operation at Wilton; in the fairly near future these will have grown into a group of factories employing 15,000 British men and women, and I.C.I. chairman Lord McGowan foresees Wilton as "a centre of the modern chemical industry to which the world's scientists may well make pilgrimage."

Key To Britain's Future

The future of Wilton will be one key to the future of Britain. It will supply some of the chemicals without which other great industries could not function; it will increase the output of the plastics of today; and it will be the home of new man-made creations, including some which are still only dreams in the minds of the chemists.

Wilton is a 4,000-acre carpet rolled down from the iron stone Cleveland Hills to the sand flats of Tees Mouth. The northern half, equivalent in size to the built-up area of neighbouring Middlesbrough, has been turned over to the chemists.

This is the scientists' kingdom, and it is being built according to carefully co-ordinated designs from the six million gallon water reservoir to the automatic taps in the workers' washrooms. Ten miles of road intersect Wilton, fifteen miles of railway line with eight miles of siding criss-cross in the factory area, and ten miles of pipes, including a private underground pipeline tunnel a third of a mile long under the Tees, lead to the sister chemical domain of Billingham across the river.

If this new kingdom ever requires a coat of arms it should be an arrangement of four ordinary commodities—coal, oil, salt and water. In the wonderland of creative chemistry they take apart the molecules of these cinderella substances, rearrange the atoms and create new articles not found in nature, like the plastic that carries light round curves.

Coal, salt and water are available in abundance near the Tees, and that explains why I.C.I.'s twin chemical centres are at Billingham and Wilton. Durham supplies the coal and in the initial stages the power house of the new plant will eat up 500 tons a day. Brine comes from large deposits of rock salt a thousand feet below the surface at Billingham. The Tees will supply Wilton with the six million gallons of water required daily in the chemical processes.

Oil, the fourth essential and the basis for Wilton's wonderland, will come from the Middle East. It will be discharged from ocean-going tankers which will dock at the estate's Tees Mouth frontage.

The dark, syrupy flow of oil entering Wilton's pipe lines will be transformed beyond all recognition. Some of it will go into plastic lenses, half the weight of glass; some into soapless soaps, anti-freeze, paint solvent, leather-cloth and even flights for darts; and some may become the basis for a new British textile fibre which promises to do for men's fashions what nylon has done for women's.

"The chemistry of oil is in its infancy," says Dr. J. W. Armit, the fifty-year-old chemist, who is chief of the Wilton enterprise. A short, neat and efficient-looking scientist, he was Britain's director-general of explosives and chemical supplies during the war, and resembles the manager of a prosperous shop.

"There is Wilton's nucleus," says the doctor, pointing to where sparks flash from the rivets sealing the steel work of the gigantic oil-cracking plant. "That's where we will break down a quarter of a million tons of oil each year."

Science Abhors A Waste

The oil-cracker, a complicated maze of piping, squat storage tanks and tall distillation columns, is a monster separating machine. From the oil it will extract motor spirit to be piped to Billingham. In the old days the industry was satisfied to get petrol and lubricating oil; and refineries were equipped with pencil-like flare stacks in which the remaining gases were burned up. Today, there is almost nothing to discard.

Wilton's oil-cracker is an example

THIS article by Norman Phillips on the chemical industry is the second in a JOHN BULL *series, "The Shape of Britain's Future." The series gives a behind-the-scenes view of important developments in the nation's daily work.*

Three of Wilton's "sorcerer's apprentices": Hance, Rees and Wood

of the chemists' hatred of waste. Horrified at losing even a molecule, scientists have designed the cracking plant to get the utmost out of oil. At Wilton they will extract and capture gases like propylene to be turned into acetone at Billingham, butane to be bottled for sale as domestic fuel, methane to go into fuel gas, and ethylene which Wilton will convert into plastics, detergents and possibly even the new synthetic fibre.

Revolutionize Men's Fashions

"Terylene" is the name of this man-made fibre, which promises to revolutionize men's fashions. In their cautious way, the scientists who are developing this new product have little to say about Terylene, an attitude which encourages speculation, and one which almost lost Britain the credit for creating it.

The Calico Printers' Association created "Terylene," and I.C.I. have been developing it with something akin to wartime secrecy. One of the first hints of its great potential value leaked out in Ottawa, Canada. When London editors heard of "Terylene" through this source, they sent reporters to I.C.I. to inquire about the new "American" discovery.

I.C.I. have since proclaimed the fibre as an example of British leadership in chemistry; but beyond revealing that it is a nylon-like thread, produced by condensing ethylene glycon with terephthalic acid, little news has been released.

One indication as to "Terylene's" importance was dropped by Lord McGowan when he opened Wilton works. He pointed out that it was the first cousin to anti-freeze because both products come from ethylene glycol. In addition to this promise of warmth, rumour says "Terylene" garments will retain their shape, dry out quickly and are moth proof.

"Terylene" is now on the market in the form of fishing line, a tribute to its qualities of low elasticity, high tensile strength and low moisture absorption. The same qualities indicate that it would be easy to launder, would dry quickly and require little ironing.

Another magic name, which may come into the language, is "Orlon." Scientists describe one form of Orlon as the most silk-like fibre man has been able to create. This is being used for men's shirts and underwear in tests which have shown the garments will not require ironing, just washing and drying to make them look like new.

In another guise Orlon is said to be the most wool-like fibre developed in a laboratory. It is being woven into men's suites, and experiments indicated that the trouser creases in Orlon suits are almost permanent.

Orlon is a du Pont discovery. While the American firm has obtained rights to Terylene, I.C.I. have been licensed to produce Orlon. The British company is now doing research on the American product.

The most important application of this new synthetic may be in reducing, if not ending, the smoke nuisance in large cities and industrial centres. Previous efforts to filter smoke through fabric screens set into chimneys have failed, because cotton or wool are soon destroyed by the acids in the smoke.

Orlon's resistance to heat and acids has surprised and delighted engineers, who are experimenting with bags made of the new fibre. There are indications that Orlon filter bags may end the era of belching black chimneys, and at the same time pay for themselves by salvaging carbon black and other useful chemicals now poisoning the atmosphere.

Orlon and Terylene will bear watching. Of more immediate value will be the Wilton oil cracker's contribution to an established British plastic known as polythene. Until now, this substance has been made out of ethylene, produced in this country from molasses which is purchased for dollars. Wilton will make ethylene from oil, paid for in sterling, and thus contribute to the closing of the dollar gap.

The story of polythene is an illustration of why I.C.I. finds it a good investment to spend £4,000,000 a year on research and development. This plastic was discovered, almost by accident, while research workers were experimenting with ethylene. At the conclusion of an ethylene experiment a trace of a foreign white solid was found in the test tube. This was polythene.

Explosion Wrecked Laboratory

The white solid was strong, tough and waxy. It was rather like paraffin wax but it had a much higher melting point. The scientists analysed it and decided to make a larger batch so that they could study all its possibilities. That was in 1933. It was 1936 before the first beginnings could be made on a continuous process of manufacture.

Attempts to repeat the original experiments resulted in violent explosions. Things went wrong in the most inexplicable ways. The danger of apparatus blowing up did not stop the researchers. Even when one of the laboratories was wrecked, they kept up their search.

By 1937 a small-scale pilot plant began to produce polythene. Engineers who were consulted suggested new uses for the new plastic. One of the most important was in the manufacture of under-sea cable. During the war polythene went into radar sets, radios and the fuses for rocket shells.

Sir Robert Watson-Watt, the radar pioneer, said that polythene "played an indispensable part in the long series of victories in the air, on the sea, and on the land, which were made possible by radar."

Polythene is now used in television and in tea cups. It covers cables and it coats paper. It is used in beer-pumping installations and in lampshades. New applications are continually being discovered. As Wilton begins to produce ethylene more and more raw material will be available for creating polythene.

Discovery Of "Perspex"

Better known than polythene is the crystal-clear plastic called "Perspex." This captured the public imagination when it was used in British aeroplanes.

"Perspex"—it is spelled with a capital and enclosed in inverted commas to show that it is a trade mark—was invented by I.C.I. in 1932. The scientists were actually looking for an interlayer which could be used in the manufacture of safety glass. In the course of their work they found something called polymethyl-methacrylate. This product was quite unsuitable for binding together sheets of glass but it had obvious possibilities of its own.

Wilton's part in the manufacture of "Perspex" will first be to provide the propylene gas from the oil cracker. This gas will be piped to Billingham to be used in the manufacture of methyl - methacrylate. This liquid will then be sent back to Wilton for use in the plant which is now fabricating "Perspex."

Not very much "Perspex" was manufactured before the war. Then the R.A.F. began to use it in windscreens, gun turrets and blisters. Use in Allied aircraft was one of the toughest tests it could receive.

The men who make this plastic still cherish the story of an R.A.F. pilot who was flying an Anson in the neighbourhood of Mtuba Tuba in

Continued on page 22

Customer's end of Wilton's enterprise. All the articles shown here—even the nightgown—are made of plastic

THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

by DAVID FROME

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. PETTS

There were so many baffling loose ends that Dan McGrath had no idea where to start. But one fact stood out: Pegott, the valet, knew something. He'd have to watch Pegott

DAN MCGRATH, A YOUNG AMERICAN, returned to London after the war, looking for the girl he fell in love with during a brief meeting in an air raid. He found her house at 22 Godolphin Square—a bombed-out ruin.

A shy little man told him the girl—Mary Winship—lived across the square at No. 4 with her mother, Mrs. Scott Winship, her misanthropic aunt, Caroline Winship—who owned No. 22—and her foppish cousin, Eric Dalrymple-Hughes.

The little man, Mr. Evan Pinkerton, also lived in a service apartment at No. 4, and suggested that Dan might move in, too. What he didn't say was that he was the real owner of No. 4, though no one there knew that. The same night someone almost killed harmless Mr. Pinkerton.

Dan's appearance in Godolphin Square disturbed Caroline Winship strangely. She apparently feared that Dan was a detective tracing her brother-in-law, Scott Winship, who was believed dead.

Caroline Winship sent Mary off to Paris. Dan followed Mary to Waterloo. He saw her leave the train before it departed. But she was also being followed by Eric Dalrymple-Hughes. She eluded her cousin. Dan made himself known to her in the street. She was overjoyed to see him . . . until she found out he was the strange American who had come to No. 4. She then left him abruptly.

Dan went back to Godolphin Square and saw a man prowling about the ruins of No. 22. The stranger escaped him in the darkness. When Dan started across to No. 4, a woman appeared in the dark.

"What interest have you got in my house, young man?" she asked.

PART III

A Visitor In The Early Hours

WHEN the face coming towards him in the dark said, "I'm Caroline Winship," Dan McGrath was startled again by the quiet menace that he felt in those simple words. "This is my house. Why are you spying on it? What is it you want? What are you after?"

He was surprised to find his own voice steady. "Nothing whatever, Miss Winship. I was just coming by. I saw somebody on the stairs there. It seemed a funny place for anybody to——"

"I understand that you know my brother-in-law?"

"Miss Winship. . . ." He stopped, trying to think how to make her believe him. She was close to him; her head was trembling, almost with a palsied shake.

"Look," he said. "The answer is no. I do not know your brother-in-law."

The hooded eyes looked steadily at him. "My brother-in-law is dead. I'm sure you've not come all the way to London to do his family, or any member of it, the great injustice of bringing him to life again. His wife is ill. She is a very susceptible woman. His daughter has been brought up to believe he was a—a kind and gentle person. I can't believe you would wilfully set out to hurt people whom you do not know and have no reason to hurt. Good night, young man."

He stood in the middle of the overgrown path, watching her heavy figure move along it, her stick supporting her over the uneven ground, and then looked back, wondering, at the ruins of her house. She must have been out there waiting, not for him obviously, as she had no way of knowing he would come. Was she waiting for her brother-in-law? It only made everything more puzzling.

He looked over at No. 4. She was going inside. He saw her thick figure outlined in the door for a moment before it closed, and he looked up, then, through the plane trees to the top floor where his friend Mr. Pinkerton was. The light was on there. And the light shouldn't be on. A sudden cold hand gripped his heart as he went rapidly through the garden and across the street. . . .

"Oh, he's doing very nicely." Mrs. Beckwith, the nurse, smiled at him as he cleared the top three steps. "You needn't have been worried. A little peculiar, perhaps. He *would* write a letter for me to put in the post tonight, and I thought it best to humour him." She fished in her pocket. "Would you like to see it?"

Dan shook his head. It was probably to the Lord Chamberlain, but that was someone else's problem. He opened the door quietly. Mr. Pinkerton was sleeping peacefully. He turned back.

"Thanks very much," he said. "How much——?"

"Mr. Pinkerton paid me." She took off her cap and picked up her coat. "Two ladies and a gentleman came up to see him. A heavy-set lady and another who doesn't look very well. The young gentleman was quite anxious to talk to him. He left just a few moments ago. They didn't see him. Or Miss Grimstead. She came up, too."

"Thanks," Dan said.

Reflecting that he liked Mrs. Beckwith, he went back into his room. Eric, he thought, had got here first. That meant that Mary would no doubt be in for it. He put his hand in his raincoat pocket and took out her book, *Masterpieces They've Never Found*. He looked at it for an instant, put it down on the table and hung up his raincoat.

He looked at his bed and along the hall at Mr. Pinkerton's closed door, pulled the chair up to the table and sat down, knowing that once he got in bed no book ever written would keep him awake.

He opened the book, and was next conscious of coming up from some bottomless abyss, cramped and cold, aware that he had fallen profoundly asleep and was struggling for breath. He jerked bolt upright and opened his eyes, and saw her.

THE woman was there by his table, clutching at it with one hand, the other at her throat, gasping, struggling in a paroxysm of suffocation. Her face was swollen and suffused. He leapt to his feet and caught her by the shoulders, holding her steadily while she struggled and finally caught her breath.

She sank exhausted into the chair that he pushed under her with one foot.

Cold perspiration stood out on his forehead, and as he stood looking helplessly at her, he gave a sudden start of recognition. This must be Mary Winship's mother. She had the same thick, dark eyebrows and long lashes lying like wet silk on her high cheekbones as the suffused swelling went down in the flesh covering them. There were streaks of grey in her hair, but it had been black, and was still curly, and she had the same pointed chin.

She was lying back in the chair, the pulse in her throat pounding, her breast rising and falling heavily under the padded silk robe she had wrapped around her. "I'm Louise Winship," she whispered. "Have you . . . a message for me? I'm Mrs. Scott Winship."

"Listen, Mrs. Winship," he said as earnestly as he could. "This is all a mistake. I don't know your husband. I don't know him at all. I've never seen him in my life. Please believe me."

Her eyes opened wider for an instant before she closed them and let her head sink back on the chair. "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought. . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"I am, too," Dan said gently. "If I could have helped you in any way. . . . You see, Mrs. Winship, this is the whole story about why I'm here: I met your daughter, Mary, during the war. I saw her only once, but I fell in love with her then. And I've come back now to find her. That's why I'm here now. I'm still in love with her. I want her to marry me if she will."

Her eyes had opened, wider than before. "But it—it is surprising, Mr. McGrath. I

Motionless, Dan stared into the wardrobe. The murderer hadn't slipped up this time

Mary had a sudden glimpse of the dining-room below. She turned abruptly, pushing Mr. Pinkerton back. "Quickly!" she whispered. "Come back"

wasn't aware she knew any Americans." She drew her hand across her forehead in a vague, bewildered gesture. "I'm sorry. I expect there are lots of things I don't know."

He kept himself from saying, "You and me both," and smiled down at her. "You wouldn't want to tell me what all this is about, would you?" he asked soberly. "Maybe I could be of some use. Would it . . . do you want to find your husband? Your sister——"

"My sister Caroline prefers to think my husband is dead because she is a person of intense convictions. She thinks my husband treated me and Mary unfairly a long time ago. She never forgets or forgives."

He saw her pallid face quiver as she added hastily: "I'm not being disloyal to my sister. She's been enormously kind and patient, and she's not naturally a patient woman. She's taken care of me and Mary ever—ever since my husband went away. We had . . . no resources of our own, and I have asthma very badly."

You don't have to tell me that, Dan thought. He felt the prickle of cold sweat on his brow again.

"You asked me if I want to find my husband," she went on, very slowly, almost as if she were speaking to herself rather than to Dan McGrath. "I do, desperately. I was deeply in love with him, and I thought perhaps you could . . . tell me if he's well . . . and happy."

She pushed herself to her feet and went quickly to the door. "Good night. I'm sorry I wakened you."

He watched her move unsteadily along the hall. As she reached the head of the stairway beside Mr. Pinkerton's door and turned to go down, he was suddenly aware that he had seen her before. She was the woman he had seen coming out of the little Welshman's room—or going into it—before he knew who she was, and before he had gone into Mr. Pinkerton's room to find him lying on the balcony.

He turned away slowly. From below, he could hear a door open and close so softly that if he had not been intensely alert he would not have heard it at all through the creeping and oppressive silence of the sleeping house.

He looked at his watch and was surprised to find it was almost three o'clock. He realized that he must have been asleep much longer than he had thought, and remembered suddenly, thinking back, that he had sat down to read the book Mary Winship had left with him. He looked down at the table, then at the floor, and under the cushion in the chair. The book was nowhere in sight.

As he looked slowly around the small, barren room he saw that something else was wrong. He went over to the dresser. The slide fastener of his brief case was halfway from the end, where it always stuck if it was pulled together in a hurry.

He picked the case up and opened it. It had his toothbrush in one side, with a couple of handkerchiefs. In the other side was a letter from Richards and Case, Attorneys-at-Law, Baltimore, Maryland, wishing him *bon voyage* and success on his mission to London. It was the law office where a job was waiting for him when he got back home. He picked it up and looked down at the last paragraph again:

> *This firm has a distinguished record in tracing unknown and missing persons. In view of the special nature and urgent demand of the situation in hand, we confidently expect you to uphold our reputation on the present project.*

It was meant to be funny. They all knew he was coming to London to find a girl whose name he did not even know—on a wild-goose chase he might as well get out of his system, so he could settle down and go to work.

He closed the brief case and put it down, wondering how long he had actually been asleep. How long had Mrs. Scott Winship been in his room with him dead to the world? If she had not had that sudden paroxysm of strangulation and wakened him, would he ever have known she had been there . . . if the slide fastener had not stuck?

He shrugged his shoulders, glanced at his watch again, put the brief case away and got out his pyjamas. He seemed still to be getting more and more entangled in a web of circumstances, all pointing directly to Daniel McGrath as someone pretty contemptible. He was still trying unsuccessfully to work it out when he turned off the light and went to bed.

"BREAKFAST is served, sir." The white-coated waiter, whom Dan had been sleepily watching for the last moment or two, announced the fact with impeccable formality as he switched on the table light. "Good morning, sir. I'm Pegott, your permanent valet, sir."

Dan said: "Good morning," and reached for his bathrobe at the foot of the bed. He stuck his feet into his slippers, expecting Pegott to say, "Will there be anything else, sir? Thank you, sir."

Instead Pegott said, "I beg your pardon, sir. Do I understand from the manageress you are leaving today?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"In that case would you permit me to have a few words with you when you have finished your breakfast, sir?"

"Sure," Dan said. *Why not?* he thought. He had had words with practically everybody else. He was curious about what they would be with Pegott. He looked at him with more interest.

Pegott bowed slightly. "Very good, sir. Thank you, sir." He started to open the door. "You understand, sir," he said, lowering his voice, "in my position one is bound to hear a great deal."

It seemed to Dan that the smooth façade of the perfect permanent valet had slipped for an instant as his voice sank, and that he had caught a glimpse of something other than

complete impeccability. *Hear or overhear?* he thought. He nodded coolly, looking at the man. It was the first time he had been aware of his face as a face. It was pasty, the eyes a little too close and a little too bright.

"I hope you will enjoy your breakfast, sir. I used to work for an American lady who was very particular about her coffee. Thank you, sir."

He was gone then with a slight bow, his façade intact again. Dan turned to his kippers and the morning paper, a little surprised to find the kippers excellent, the coffee good and the paper almost solely concerned with the private lives of film stars. He was a little surprised again to look up and see Pegott at the exact moment he finished all three.

"What's on your mind, Pegott?"

A sharp tingle along his spinal column warned him instantly as he saw that the man's façade had not only slipped but slid. Pegott was nervous. He glanced back at the door.

"You'll understand this is strictly confidential, I hope, sir." There was a faint trembling in his voice that communicated itself to his hands. "It would be very awkward if——"

"All right," Dan said. "What is it?"

That Pegott was under some extraordinary tension was clearer each moment. His face had hardened into a kind of doughlike pallor and his occasional glances back into the hall and the narrowed lines at the corners of his eyes were furtive and cunning. The prickling sensation along Dan McGrath's spine sharpened.

This guy's no good. He's a louse or he's dangerous. Watch him, McGrath.

"What's on your mind, Pegott?"

"I know where he is," he whispered. His voice broke with eagerness. "I know where it is. All I want is half what's coming. I could take it all, but I want it in American dollars put by in New York."

Pegott straightened up, his eyes, sharp and brightly acquisitive, fixed on Dan's as if he saw something in them he was not so sure of. He drew himself up, steadied one hand again on the table. "That's fair enough, I'd say, sir. Wouldn't you? There was no need to speak to you about it, except I understood you'd been making inquiries."

Dan nodded, looking at him. "It depends," he said coolly, "on who you mean. And on what you mean by 'it'."

"The person you were making inquiries about, sir," Pegott said evenly. "And the picture, sir." His eyes gleamed and his lips tightened as he added quietly: "The picture I understand he sold—for five thousand pounds—and neglected to deliver to the American gentleman who'd purchased it, sir."

Dan thought rapidly. This was it. Mary Winship's father had sold a picture, collected five thousand pounds and absconded without the formality of turning the picture over to the rightful owner.

The title of Mary Winship's book flashed into his mind. The picture, then, had disappeared with Scott Winship. It belonged, then, to whoever it was who had bought it. Or to the insurance company if it had been insured and the insurance collected and not repaid. They would have offered a reward, he thought; Pegott was after it.

"How much is the reward?" he asked.

He realized at once it was a bloomer. Pegott drew half a step back. That was not what he had in mind. He was playing for higher stakes. Dan had no doubt that he did know, or thought he knew, where Mary Winship's father was and where the picture was.

"Where is he?" he asked.

MR. EVAN PINKERTON finished shaving. His head was still a painful lump and he was in a state of acute nervous anxiety.

Violet Grimstead should have come up by this time, if the nurse had posted his letter. Unless, of course, the estate agents refused to do anything about it. They might easily feel he had no right to insist on Mr. McGrath's being allowed to stay in the boxroom, in the first place, and regard his request that he stay on as Mr. Pinkerton's personal guest as a brazen disregard of the prime function of rental property in the second.

"Yes, these are sheer enough, but I don't like the colour"

In any event, it was very important for him to see Mr. McGrath as quickly as possible or he should not have got up at all. Hardly anything he could think of, except fear that the American might actually take it into his head to go to the police and complain about his narrow brush with death, could have spurred him up and out.

Mr. Pinkerton put down his towel and shaving kit and exclaimed with annoyance as he knocked off the washstand, perhaps for the dozenth time, the old silver-backed military hairbrush that belonged to the chef. His head swam dizzily as he got down on his haunches and recovered the brush from between the wastebin and the scouring pot. Whenever anyone mentioned the chef, who shared the bathroom with him and Pegott, Mr. Pinkerton always saw a silver-backed military hairbrush on the scouring pot where he himself had just knocked it.

He reflected now that although he had never seen the chef, in spite of the fact that his room was just three doors from his own, next to Pegott's, he must have picked up the wretched brush scores of times. He put the brush back on the side of the bowl, wishing very much the man would mind his belongings a little better.

At his own door he listened again for some evidence of Miss Grimstead's approach before going along to put his towel and shaving kit away. His head still ached, and it jarred him to walk at all. He put his hand out against the wall to absorb some of the shock, and crept gingerly along like a cat on a muddy path until he reached the wall by Dan McGrath's door. He put his hand out to knock.

Oh, dear, he thought, *he's got someone with him.*

He started to go back to his room when he heard Dan McGrath speak. "It depends on who you mean. And on what you mean by 'it'."

"The person you were making inquiries about, sir."

Mr. Pinkerton stood there motionless. Pegott was in there, talking to Dan McGrath, and up to no good. Mr. Pinkerton was sure of that. Mr. Pinkerton would put nothing beyond him. And then he gave an abrupt start that made a hot knife jab through his aching head as he listened.

It was Mary's father, not Mary. Mr. Pinkerton moistened his dry lips. Dan McGrath was asking where Scott Winship was. And he was so anxious to know that he was willing to listen to a person like Arthur Pegott.

He could hear the valet clearly. "That I'm unable to say at this time, sir. All I can say is that I may be able to take you to him sometime after I go off duty tonight, if you are interested, sir. I can meet you outside the house. Or most Americans are familiar with the American Express office in Haymarket. At, say, ten thirty or eleven, sir."

"Right. I'll meet you outside. But get this: the whole thing may be a washout. There may be nothing in it at all."

Mr. Pinkerton felt a chill at his heart. Maybe that was what Dan McGrath had come to London about. The romantic search for Mary Winship was a blind; it was her father and the picture that McGrath was actually hunting for all the time. It was a trap, and he had fallen headlong into it.

Oh, dear, dear me, Mr. Pinkerton thought dismally.

"Very good, sir!" Pegott said. Mr. Pinkerton could almost see him smile as he said it. Dan McGrath had sounded quite as false as Pegott had when he said he did not know where Mr. Winship was at that time. They were a pair of outright falsifiers. He heard the sound of a cover being placed on a dish as Pegott added: "My father was quite sure there had been a mistake made. And just one thing, sir, if you'll excuse my asking. What does *caveat emptor* mean?"

Mr. Pinkerton did not stop to hear any more. As he scurried silently back to his room he heard Miss Grimstead's voice coming up the stairwell from the floor below. It was all sweetness and bright light, a shower of milk and liquid honey: "Betty, Betty! Let's put the sofa from Colonel Mayhew's room into Mr. McGrath's. I'm afraid he's not really as comfy as he should be. And let's give dear Mr. Pinkerton Mrs. Jameson's eiderdown."

Mr. Pinkerton got into his room and closed the door. The nurse had posted his letter, the estate agents had complied with his directions.

He was so pleased that he forgot his aching head and sat down on the side of the couch smiling happily to himself. Until he remembered. Dan McGrath was now his guest, at his expense. If he turned out to be a whited sepulchre, it was all Mr. Pinkerton's fault . . . and cost.

He stopped smiling abruptly. A further idea came instantly into his mind. The Winships ought certainly to be told. The only question at all, as he thought of it, was which of the Winships he should tell.

Miss Caroline, as head of the family, was the most obvious person, but he dismissed the thought as quickly as he would have done if it had occurred to him to embrace a boa constrictor. Mrs. Winship was ill; he did not quite trust Eric Dalrymple-Hughes. That left Mary Winship and Mr. Sidney Copeland, the family friend. And from what he now knew of Dan McGrath, he was forced reluctantly to the conclusion that Mary had gone off to Paris. Mr. McGrath had most probably had no intention at any time of attempting to stop her from going. Mr. Sydney Copeland was therefore the only person Mr. Pinkerton could really go to.

He stoically put his hard brown bowler on his sensitive head and left his room. Mr. McGrath's door at the end of the hall was open, and Mr. Pinkerton could hear him in the bath, the spray running.

IT was almost noon when Mr. Pinkerton came dejectedly down the steps from Mr. Copeland's office in Wimpole Street. He had waited two hours. In spite of the young lady in the luxurious reception room, he knew very well that Mr. Copeland had been in the next room, and that he was now in the blue motor car disappearing round the next corner into Portman Square. Mr. Copeland had refused to see him.

Mr. Pinkerton turned and started dejectedly along the street, when a taxi drew up in front of the house he had just left. He glanced back and stopped blinking.

It was Mary Winship. She'd not gone to Paris. Dan McGrath had really meant. . . . Mr. Pinkerton

Continued on page 28

Wilson, at home, reads a Braille map of Africa. He is going to show others that blindness *can* be conquered

Blind man leads a crusade

by IAN BEVAN

Sightless himself, John Wilson takes the campaign against blindness to Africa, where he is up against much more than blindness itself

ANY TIME THAT John Wilson of Hampstead feels bored with life in London, he has a standing invitation from a native Nigerian "king" to live in the town of Kano. There is a strong bond between the two men, for they are both blind. The native is head of the local "Blind Beggars' Guild," and he has offered the white man a begging pitch with a guaranteed income for life.

"That was the highest compliment he could pay me," says Wilson, "and I was most grateful, but I hope to do my begging on a much greater scale." Wilson's pitch is an office in Victoria Street, London, where a few weeks ago, with the help of the Colonial Office and the National Institute for the Blind, he launched the British Empire Society for the Blind, which plans the biggest attack on the problems of blindness the world has yet known.

In the British African colonies, alone, there are more than four times as many blind people as there are in Britain and America, yet in the whole colonial empire there are only eight schools for the blind, with total accommodation for less than 300. No one knows how many blind people there are in the British colonies, but it is well over a million. What is known is that at least three-quarters of this blindness could have been prevented.

In Kano there is a large section of the town where no one can see. Here is H. G. Wells's fanciful *Country of the Blind* come to life. Sightless men marry sightless women, and their children—although mostly born with vision—soon catch conjunctivitis, trachoma, or one of the other eye diseases which, in these backward communities, are almost inevitably blinding.

Each morning the beggars go out; each evening they come home to put their earnings in a common pool which is controlled by the "king." Blind people come for hundreds of miles, hoping to join this weird community, but admission to the ranks is a privilege hard to win.

By Africa's standards, Kano's blind are well off. At least their guild is an attempt at independent living. In other parts the blind have nothing to do, nothing to live for. They are everywhere, yet the colonial authorities did not realize the full extent of the problem until they ordered a postwar survey of colonial soldiers blinded in the war.

These numbered only a few score, and war pensions made them among the most prosperous members of their tribes. They bought themselves wives, settled down in comparative ease and luxury, but the survey disclosed many hundreds of thousands of other blind people living tragic and useless lives.

Wilson was one of three people chosen to make the survey. The others were Miss Mary Thomas, a former information officer of the National Institute for the Blind, and Captain D. F. Heath, who had served as an administrative officer in Nigeria. They travelled 40,000 miles in nine months to visit twelve colonies in Africa and the Middle East, on the most extensive social study of its kind undertaken since the war.

As the trip progressed, fact piled on fact, incident followed incident, to convince the trio that they were involved in something far bigger than either the Colonial Office or the N.I.B. had imagined when the survey was planned.

Patients Wait In The Sun

"One day," says Wilson, "we drove past a crowd of natives waiting in a clearing on the edge of a village, and our driver noticed that most of them were obviously suffering from eye diseases.

"He stopped the car and we went over to talk to them. One man told us they were waiting for an eye doctor who was coming from the coast and had promised to see fifty patients. At least a hundred had turned up. There they were, waiting in the blazing sun, with their wives and children. We thought this would be a good chance to watch an eye doctor at work, so we asked when he was due.

"'Next Monday week,' they told us.

"It was then," adds Wilson, "that I realized just how urgently these people needed proper eye treatment, and just how impossible it was for colonial governments to tackle the problem with their limited resources." So the new society was born. Initial grants have been given by the N.I.B. and by various colonial governments, but it is hoped big sums will be given by colonial trading companies, philanthropic trusts, and private individuals.

A major task will be to educate the native peoples in elementary eye hygiene. Ignorance combines with disease and poverty to produce blindness from simple infections which could be easily cured and need never be spread from person to person.

"The Will Of God"

In the countries where Wilson and his co-investigators were travelling, they would often see a woman wipe her own infested eyes with her dirty shawl, then use the same filthy piece of cloth to wipe the eyes of her baby. The baby would almost certainly catch an eye infection sooner or later, but the natives would say: "That is the will of God." So the baby would go blind.

In most native communities a blind person leads a life of utter futility. Wilson asked one blind girl what she did all day. She told him: "I wake up in the morning, go outside, sit down and fold my arms. In the evening I unfold my arms, stand up and go inside the hut to sleep."

The natives have no conception of helping their own blind people to live useful lives. If they give them enough food to keep them from starving, they think that is all that can be expected.

The few who do manage to earn a living show that blind natives could be taught the way to economic independence, just as the blind are today in England. The local crafts they would have to learn are the very crafts which have been chosen in England as the most suitable for

blind workers: such things as basketry, wicker work, shoe-making, hand weaving and pottery.

The newly formed society has the twin tasks of helping the millions who are already blind, and of preventing more millions needlessly going blind in the future. This is a tremendous job which obviously needs a lot of money and an even greater amount of hard work. Given both these, it still appears an almost endless task.

A Message Of Inspiration

"Try not to think how many lifetimes it will require," Helen Keller wrote to them recently from America. "The humanitarian spirit of the people of the British Empire is a flaming pillar of hope in the vast darkness which you are about to attack." Helen Keller's own story—she has been deaf and blind from infancy, but has become a world-famous authoress and lecturer—is an inspiration in itself to all blind people, but it is a story unknown to most coloured people of Africa who find it hard to believe that blindness is an affliction which can be conquered.

Wilson, who was blinded in a school laboratory accident at the age of thirteen, and later graduated in Law at Oxford, was the first blind white man that the majority of natives who met him had ever known, and a great many of them refused to believe that he could not see.

When he demonstrated his ability to read by using Braille, they thought it was some peculiar form of magic and asked, "Can you use it to bring rain?" When he removed his false right eye, the native servants were convinced it was to keep watch on them while he was out of the house—and nothing of his was ever stolen.

Blind natives who did grasp the fact that Wilson was also blind were often quick to ask how they could learn to do things that he did. This convinced him there would be no shortage of pupils if schools could be provided.

His own schooling, at Worcester College for the Blind, has enabled him to lead the normal life of a busy executive. In London, he travels alone in the rush hour traffic, enjoys making nursery furniture for his baby daughter, and is an enthusiastic gardener. He is a typical product of modern methods in educating the blind.

The Economic Motive

The first consideration in such an education is always a humanitarian one, but there is an obvious economic motive as well. It costs no more to train a blind youth to look after himself than it does to maintain him in idleness for five years.

Prevention of blindness has an even stronger economic incentive. In Uganda, the important upper Nile hydro-electric scheme at Jinja is being seriously delayed because natives won't go there to work. They know it is a place with an evil reputation for "foam blindness"—a name which gives an accurate diagnosis of a disease spread by buffalo gnats. These breed in the foamy waters of rapids and waterfalls.

In the Jinja area, one person in every twenty-three is blind, compared with one in every 600 in the British Isles. (In other parts of Africa, the rate of blindness is as high as one in nine.) The buffalo gnat can be exterminated by D.D.T. spraying, by breaking up the rapids, and by a general campaign such as the one that has wiped out malaria-carrying mosquitoes in Cyprus. But such a campaign costs money. Who is going to pay?

The colonial governments have very little to spend on public health. In Nigeria, the money which the Medical Department has would be just enough to give each native one aspirin tablet once a year.

"Much blindness," says Wilson, "could be prevented simply by people being more sensible. The difficulty is: if you tell an African that flies carry germs which cause blindness, his answer is: 'Who sent the fly? It must be an evil spirit.' To him, the logical defence is not to get rid of the fly, but to use magic spells in an effort to get rid of the spirit which controls the flies.

"The solution, of course, might be to concentrate our propaganda on the witch doctors and the wise old women of the tribes, in an effort to convert them to our ideas of health and sanitation."

Persuading the natives to accept our ideas will be a hard and thankless task. One chief whom Wilson came across in his travels had had his sight restored by surgery, but firmly believed he was cured by a peculiar bit of magic performed by the District Officer. The chief was blind in both eyes from cataracts, and after a great deal of talk he was induced to travel down to the coast for an operation. This was successful and he returned to his tribe proudly sporting the first pair of spectacles that anyone had ever seen in that part of the world.

A month or so later, the District Officer was travelling in the area and heard the chief had gone blind again. This was a grave reflection on white man's medicine, so the D.O. paid a personal call on the chief to see what could be done.

The chief was sitting in his hut, gloomily regretting the foolhardiness which had led him to trust the eye surgeon instead of the local witch doctor.

The D.O. asked him to walk out into the daylight, and there he saw at once that the chief's spectacles were thickly encrusted with dirt.

"Don't you ever clean them?" the D.O. asked.

"Clean them?" said the chief. "But I didn't think it was safe to touch them."

The D.O. sent his driver back to the car. He returned with a roll of crinkled toilet paper; the D.O. tore off a piece, wiped the spectacles clean, and put them back on the chief's nose.

"There," he said, "now you can see the mountains again." And the astonished chief found that he could.

The D.O. ceremoniously presented the rest of the toilet roll to the chief, and promised to send him a fresh roll every few months.

Once he sent him a roll of the straight instead of the crinkled variety. This was returned with a message from the chief to say that he had tried it without success, and obviously it did not possess the right magic properties. Would the D.O. please replace it with the crinkled type?

Infection At The Mosque

A common cause of spreading eye infection is the antimony which native Moslems use to decorate their eyes before they enter the mosques to pray. This is generally placed in a communal pot outside the mosque, and the men smear their eyelids with a dipstick as they go in. Both the antimony and the dipstick can quickly become infected, but, as the smearing is a religious custom, it would be impossible to stop the people doing it.

The answer, Wilson thinks, would be to have the antimony treated with antiseptic, or attempt to change the custom and persuade people to use cheap, individual eyebrow pencils. Either solution might sound comparatively simple to people accustomed to government interference in the minor details of their everyday lives, but it would probably be a major project to achieve even this simple change in native customs.

British officials in the Gold Coast have spent years trying to persuade the people of a small village near Yinda to let them build wells so that the village can have a convenient and healthy water supply. The villagers refuse. They prefer to walk many miles and laboriously fetch their water from a guinea-worm infested swamp. Their reason is that they regard the tortoise as a sacred animal. There are a lot of tortoises in the area and they fear these might fall into the wells.

Wilson knows that similar opposition and frustration awaits his field workers, but he is determined to go ahead.

Kind Of Living Death

The society wants to convert native peoples to our general view of blindness. At present most of them regard it as a form of living death. Life for them is finished when they lose their sight. If they are born blind, normal life as we know it never even starts.

"We want to adapt Braille to all the native dialects," he says. "We want to start tribal schools for blind children, and teach them how to lead useful lives in their own villages. Above all, we want to remove their fatalistic view that nothing can be done to stop people going blind, and that nothing can be done to help them once they have. We want them to realize that blindness is a confounded nuisance, but not a desperate tragedy." THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE *by ROFFE THOMPSON*

You can make your own luck

LUCK is a wonderful word. It conjures up such rosy dreams. Wouldn't it be marvellous to win a big football pool? Suppose a rich uncle died and left us a fortune?

We've all had ideas like that, but only a very few have been really "lucky." And there is a good deal of evidence that such luck rarely does us any good. Life isn't made that way. Pennies from Heaven are not always the best thing.

I read a story the other day that gives a much truer picture. A big American industrialist had a son who became a successful playwright. An admirer talking to the boy's father said, "Isn't it wonderful how lucky your boy is?" "Yes," replied the father, "isn't it wonderful? And the harder he works the luckier he gets!"

There's no harm in dreaming—but don't forget to wake up!

Kano, where whole communities are blind and beggars have a "king"

Snow and sunshine at Zürs. Visitors are being lured from Switzerland

I sample Austria's welcome

by MARJORIE EARL

I found a tourists' value-for-money paradise—cities of beauty and culture, good food and entertainment, modest prices. And the Russians? I did meet a few

"Vienna's after-dark diversions give modest-income Britons a break"

ALTHOUGH SHE IS still technically at war, Austria is this year parading all the attributes of peace with the object of enticing tourists. While international diplomats haggle over the terms of a formal treaty, the national Government is spreading out the red carpet for visitors.

Exchange rates have never been more favourable to the holiday budget and the Austrians are expecting to divert 6,000 travellers from Switzerland alone. They may very well be able to do it, because Austria does indeed deserve much of the praise of her salesmen.

A recent tour took me to Salzburg, Innsbruck, Vienna and some of the small villages near Switzerland. When I crossed the border I found the immigration office freshly painted and neatly appointed, the customs officials genial and nattily dressed. This pleasant introduction gave strength to my hope that once over the frontier I would encounter none of the depressing devastation, the shabby poverty and grim-lipped determination that I was leaving behind in Germany.

On the way to Salzburg the Austrian villages looked as though they had just been cleaned up for a festival. The people seemed lighthearted and cheerful as they hurried about their business. They looked well-dressed and well-fed. Nearly all the bridges, which had been so systematically destroyed by Allied bombs, were repaired.

And what pleased me most was buying a packet of commendable Austrian cigarettes for about a shilling. The bottom has dropped out of the once flourishing black market in American cigarettes and a packet of any popular brand can be bought for a shilling.

The city of Salzburg is a goal for everyone visiting Austria. Gateway to the province's ski-ing paradise, which extends from the 4,744-foot Gasberg to peaks some 12,500 feet above sea level, it is also headquarters of one of the biggest cultural events of Europe's summer calendar—the Salzburg Music Festival.

Salzburg's reputation as one of the most enchanting cities of Europe had not been diminished by war, so far as I could see, for there wasn't a scar visible.

Tempting Black Market

It was here I had my first polite brush with the European black market. During that time the official rate of the schilling was about forty to the pound. On the black market, however, a pound was worth nearly three times this amount. Even if you had to sidle up to a black marketeer on a street corner, in the accepted custom of the Place de l'Opéra in Paris, the temptation to flout the law for this advantageous exchange was almost irresistible.

But the Austrians made no such indignity necessary. You changed your money at the hotel desk at the best black market rate and that's all there was to it. Further devaluation of the schilling was inevitable in face of this amiable disregard for regulations.

Today the rate stands at a little less than 100 schillings to the pound but it fluctuates daily and the tourist office in London has a hard time quoting prices of hotel accommodation.

When I was in Salzburg I stayed at the world-famous Goldener Hirsch hotel, booked for a year in advance by the great and near-great of the cultural world, at a little over ten schillings a day for a luxurious room with bath. Even with a few meals served in my room, my bill was so modest I thought the accountant must have miscalculated.

In the restaurant of this hotel I found that the traditionally lavish Austrian table had regained its pre-war reputation. A meal consisting of hors d'œuvres of lobster, chopped liver, ham and shrimp, followed by consommé with an egg floating on top, then by *wiener schnitzel*, vegetables, a green salad, sweet and coffee; the whole preceded by a cocktail, accompanied by wine and followed by brandy, cost less than one pound per person. And the Goldener Hirsch is considered dear!

In the smaller towns and villages, centre of both winter and summer sports, paradises for skiers, mountain climbers, the ill seeking salt-water cures or the lazy looking for rest and relaxation, full *pension* on a less lavish scale comes to approximately one pound per day.

It is only when you decide to go from Salzburg to Vienna that you realize peace has not yet come to Austria. Before the war it was a short four-hour drive on a direct highway. This direct highway is one of the two routes linking Vienna, which is deep in the Russian Zone, with the Western zones.

Passes Are A Nightmare

But, unfortunately for the British traveller, it links the French and the U.S. zones but not the British Zone. The other route to Vienna, through which British tourists must pass, is a full day's journey from Salzburg, through the lofty mountain pass of Semmering.

The open sesame at both approaches to the Russian Zone is the grey pass, a little item which is a nightmare to occupation authorities and which every tourist must possess. Officially, a British citizen cannot pass from the U.S. Zone to the Russian Zone of Austria unless his grey pass is endorsed by the Russians. When I was in Vienna one official estimated that of about fourteen submitted each week an average of three came back signed. The rest just disappeared with no explanation.

It is a good thing to keep this international red tape in mind and not do what I did: suddenly decide at noon that it would be a nice idea to spend Saturday night in Vienna. I was travelling by car with some American friends. We headed impulsively for Vienna and had travelled as far as Linz before anyone thought to ask me about my grey pass.

It said plainly that it was valid by rail through Semmering, which made

Tyrolean highspots: a guide points out peaks across the Stanzer Tal

my prospects of getting to Vienna rather dark, since I was approaching by car through Enns. There were three alternatives; to stay in Linz, return to Salzburg, or take a chance with the Russian sentries at the other side of the bridge. We took a chance.

We slid cautiously up to the road block, silently passed our papers through the car windows and without a word the Russian sentries — a couple of blond boys who looked barely out of their teens—handed them back with a smile. We were away.

The next day I reported my adventure to an occupation official in Vienna and he seemed quite disturbed. "It was a risky thing to do," he said sternly. "In nine cases out of ten you would have been turned right back. And that kind of thing can get the British Government into trouble. Things are a bit sticky, you know."

The Magic Password

I have a friend who wandered off the main road from Linz to Vienna: a mistake motorists are sternly warned not to make. He was picked up by a Russian officer who demanded to see his papers. A former United Nations employee, he thought it would help if he handed over his United Nations passport.

"What's this?" the Russian demanded. "United Nations," my friend replied.

The Russian looked sceptical and my friend tried again. "You know, Vishinsky."

"Ah, Vishinsky!" cried the Russian, and waved him back on to the main route.

In Vienna the tourist is not aware of the tensions which agitate the occupation forces. The only Russians I saw were walking down the streets apparently enchanted, as I was, by the lavish displays in the shop windows. I saw nylons at ten shillings a pair, pure silk, handmade blouses for about two pounds, modern pottery, furniture and fine leather luggage at temptingly modest prices. But for three of my fellow passengers on the train coming back the bargains became luxuries when they had paid duty at the French border.

Everyone who goes to Vienna wants to see the Russians but they do not circulate very freely. Except for the few I saw on the streets and one who was enjoying champagne and the company of a pretty girl in a night club, I encountered none. But I met two American girls who told me they stayed in an hotel in the Russian sector.

"When we told an American army officer where we were staying he was horrified," one of them said. "He said it was a Russian hotel. We didn't care. It was a good hotel, nobody bothered us and we saw lots of Russians. We were curious about them but they looked just the same as any other soldiers."

In War-torn Vienna

Vienna, more than any other part of Austria I saw, looks war-damaged. The famous opera house is in partial ruins and some of the great churches are undergoing extensive repairs.

The hotel where I stayed was boarded up along one side of the lobby where a bomb had landed. This didn't prevent it, however, from doing a great deal of business. The manager was deeply apologetic about a crack in the wallpaper of my room, which he said they had been as yet unable to replace. But I didn't mind the cracked wallpaper because I had fresh orange juice and bacon and eggs for breakfast every morning.

At night Vienna's scars are not visible. Formerly regarded as the ultimate in gaiety, the after-dark diversions of Vienna are certainly cheerful relaxation to the Briton of modest income who would have to save for six months to finance a similar outing in London. I visited several night clubs where the floor shows were good, the music as modern as anything in the West End, the champagne excellent and the bill very small—about three pounds for two.

Not So Cheap To Them

In the most distinguished restaurants of Vienna you can order Russian caviare, French wine and the best Austrian food without being afraid to look at the bill.

The tourist's conception of cheap luxury, however, is not so cheap to the Viennese. Inflation has not made life easier for the average Austrian and in Vienna the poor, particularly pensioners, are suffering hardships. But they don't show it. Austria wants tourists and the face she puts on for them is an amiable one. It is also full of hope—hope that the nation will soon be at peace, on her economic feet, and that Vienna will again become the most romantic capital of Europe. THE END

SECRETS OF BRITAIN'S CHEMICAL KINGDOM

Continued from page 15

Portuguese East Africa. The Anson's wings were made of wood. Its windscreen was of "Perspex."

The "enemy" on this occasion was a flock of cranes. These big birds headed straight for the plane, leaving the pilot no alternative but to plough straight ahead. As the birds were not taking evasive action either, the result was a series of head-on collisions. When the cranes hit the wooden wings, they went straight through. Where they hit the "Perspex," the birds bounced off. It was almost a case of the pilot flying home on his "Perspex" and a prayer.

"Perspex" came out of the war as almost a legend. Its peacetime applications now range from false teeth and artificial eyes to roofing material. When Lisbon recently crowned its beauty queen, the vehicle chosen for her was a "Perspex" chariot. It was made of the British plastic exported to Portugal.

The Australians used "Perspex" to brighten a wine festival not long ago. They made a champagne glass from this plastic. It was six feet high and held twenty-five gallons of champagne or the equivalent of 150 bottles.

How "Perspex" Is Made

"Perspex" manufacture begins with the clear liquid, methyl-methacrylate, which is heated until it becomes viscous. The syrup formed is then poured into a mould made from two glass plates and a flexible gasket. The filled moulds are mechanically loaded on trucks and taken to automatically controlled ovens. After oven heating, the glass is stripped off, the "Perspex" is examined and given a paper coating.

The finished sheets of plastic then go to the customer who turns them into drainboards, bathroom accessories or a host of other products. Since it was developed, "Perspex" direct export sales have risen to £750,000 a year.

Export is also the goal for a large percentage of the production at the formaldehyde or P. F. plant where Johnny Hance works. Phenol formaldehyde moulding powder made in the Wilton factory goes to Greece, Turkey, Chile, Uruguay, South Africa and Hongkong.

Hance learned about this plastic in the old Croydon factory which was closed down when Wilton opened up. He takes great pride in the Wilton factory where automatic controls far exceed anything in the cramped Croydon works.

Automatic controlling devices give the P.F. plant the appearance of a factory where everyone has knocked off for lunch. Actually the processing goes on without interruption twenty-four hours a day.

"We only need a couple of big guns to make the place look like a battleship," says Jack Rees, a compact, bespectacled Welshman who also arrived at Wilton via Croydon, and tends a battery of controls which govern the preparation of the resin.

Twenty key men from Croydon now installed at Wilton are finding that life in Yorkshire, while not as hectic as London, has its compensations. "You can't go out of your house ten yards without someone saying 'good morning,'" Rees declares.

These greetings come from Tees-siders like Willie Wood who works alongside Hance. Wood, whose favourite argument with Hance is whether you go "up" or "down" to London, started in the chemical works after an apprenticeship in the iron stone mines. The mine where he worked, one of the original ones in the Cleveland Hills, has been closed.

The iron stone deposits in these hills brought the first big industry to the Tees-side, and they account for the presence of two great, grimy and foreboding steel mills, which flank Wilton works and light the night with flowing streams of molten slag.

Today, the Government's policy is to encourage light industry in areas like this, to offset the possibility of unemployment periods such as occurred before the war. The establishment of the Wilton Works will mean permanent jobs for a large part of the population and this is yet another reason why the chemical kingdom has risen on Tees-side.

For Steel Mills And Beehives

Even steel mills are looking to plastics for assistance and one modern strip-rolling mill is giving one synthetic its heaviest use. In place of phosphor bronze for bearings, this mill has adapted plastic bearings.

In contrast to this punishing test, another plastic has been assigned to the delicate task of being used in a syringe which has a bore at the tip of only .002 inches. The exterior diameter of the tip is .003 inches. The syringe is used for the artificial insemination of queen bees.

Vast amounts of electricity will be required to run Wilton. The greatest use of it will be in the manufacture of chlorine and caustic soda. These will be made from brine to be pumped to Wilton from Billingham. Immense quantities of these two chemicals are needed by basic industries; the paper on which this is printed was bleached by chlorine, and caustic soda is one of the bases of the soap industry. Chlorine can also be used in converting ethylene into glycol, which can be sold for use in the manufacture of products as varied as tobacco and explosives.

Chemicals are so essential to industry that their production has become an index of a nation's strength. Where once a country was judged on its steel production it is now measured by the amount of alkalis it can produce. Wilton is planned to maintain Britain's leadership in the vital field of chemistry well into the foreseeable future.

Nail That Holds World Together

"Without the nail, the battle was lost," quote the chemists; and, pointing to nitric acid, they suggest it as the nail that holds the world together. Without this chemical there could be no explosive. No explosive means no coal mining. No coal and there would be no steel. Without steel our civilization falls apart.

British chemists have led the way in the production of other vital chemicals like dye-stuffs; in plastics like "Perspex" and polythene; in drugs like "Paludrine" for malaria and "Antrycide" to defeat the tsetse fly.

Wilton will keep British chemistry to the fore by giving swift and efficient practical application to laboratory discoveries. Already scientists are making pilgrimages to the Tees-side chemical kingdom to acknowledge Wilton's and British leadership. THE END

Mr. Pollock bent forward and gave a long, agonized groan. Mark watched. His heart was banging with sick hurry. He knew whose fault it was

DEATH IN ITS PLACE

by PAUL HORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SEABRIGHT

It was an accident. He hadn't meant it. But on everybody's face he could read: "There is the boy who killed his father"

THE RIVER RAN about a dozen miles beyond the town. To a place near its edge, before dawn on Saturday, came Mr. Pollock and his younger son, Mark, accompanied by their dog, Punch.

It was a cold autumn morning. The boy was hardly awake yet. His father had to nudge him to get a move on and climb out of the car when they stopped in a clump of trees at the end of the sandy track Mr. Pollock knew about. For years it had brought him from the main road and through the low dunes to his favourite spot for duck shooting.

Mark left the car carrying his own new gun. In the darkness the air tasted like snow. As they moved forward to walk beside the river to Mr. Pollock's favourite hide, the father did not have to tell his son to be as quiet as possible.

He wasted no words, but merely gave by example a lesson in the caution and delicacy of how to move when there were certain to be ducks out on the river. Punch, an elderly rat-tailed spaniel, went heavily but silently on the sand, pausing at intervals to be sure the others were following.

As they came between two huge clumps of reed that rustled in the faint cold wind before daylight, Mr. Pollock halted and held his freezing fist to his ear. Mark could just see him. The gesture said "Listen!"

Mark turned his head and held his breath.

Then, yes, how could his father ever have heard it? It was so faint, but now he could hear it, too—the reedy, murmurous sound of ducks disturbed and talking over there, out of sight, under the high carved clay banks of the river.

The boy's heart began to pound. He loved his father for this experience. They stood shivering in the greying dark until there was no more sleepy music from the hidden water. Then they walked carefully up the river, keeping away from the bank, but as they approached the hide they began to walk in mud and marshy water. The bank rose before them a little, making a small peninsula screened at the edge by a spare rank of young willows.

Here was the place. They knelt down on the cold ground and waited for the day to come.

It was now not far off.

Though nobody knew it, Mr. Pollock came for this as much as for anything else. In the spectacle of the natural world he found his poetry, his music, his art.

He was a short, heavy man, the manager of the local bank. Many people felt about him as they would about a doctor, for he knew and helped with serious problems in their families. His large, light eyes saw everything and betrayed nothing. His mouth was small in his big face, and habitually he said little, but when he spoke he was believed.

And if Mr. Pollock sat on platforms as a silent endorsement of civic desires or ambitions, his wife was likely to be one of the speakers.

She did not speak with skill but everyone was always impressed as she struggled to bend the public will to her personal belief. She governed her family in much the same way, overwhelming them with her anxious vitality, which was a happy joke among them all until in some issue she yielded to the tears that always seemed to lie in wait behind her glasses.

But she was as apt to weep for happiness and her good fortune in such a husband and in two such

wonderful boys, as she was out of vexation or "just nerves." It was hard to imagine either parent as ever having been boy and girl. Especially was this impossible for their sons.

Edwin was eighteen, his brother Mark fourteen. Both were already taller than their parents, and far more communicative than the father. Edwin, filling in time before his call-up, sold agricultural machinery to the neighbouring farms. He didn't make a lot of sales, but he made a lot of friends.

Mark Pollock at fourteen had the energy and the laughable daring of a half-grown cat. Of all the Pollocks he was the funniest and the most high-spirited.

He was the only blond Pollock. His eyes were dark blue, his cheeks a furious dusky pink, and his whole self, no matter what he did, seemed always to look dry and clean.

WAITING for daylight by the river, father and son shivered companionably. They could see the edge of the skyline now, outlined by a faint lift of pearly light. As still as the rest of the river world, they waited.

But they waited in growing excitement, for over and about them proceeded the immense arrival of day. It seemed to start slowly, but vast events happened as they watched.

The light gained behind them, and turned to the colour of embers, and in the dome of the sky came a smoky blue, and then the western sky showed a pale rose with the curved shadow of sleeping earth against it.

Mark hugged himself around his gun. The grand vision before them arose in their spirits, too, and their faces were open with the wonder and promise of this splendour. All this was what Mr. Pollock meant and said nothing about.

His greatest moment was still to come, and nothing must destroy it.

The sun showed itself at last.

Just then another sense than sight joined in the tremendous arrival, and the air was filled from everywhere with startling sound. Up from the black lazy water rose the birds in salute to the sunrise. Their wings beat and beat until they seemed to beat on the very ear itself. Their calls made a chorus that veered and varied like the wind.

The birds seemed to hurl themselves at the day. They wheeled and shuttered, stirring like a strike of life itself, and went off to taste the sky.

Mark was half standing in this great commotion of all nature. His empty gun was raised. His father reached up and pulled him down again. They could now see everything. Mr. Pollock's face betrayed nothing of the high achievement of feeling which the dawn flight had brought him.

"They'll come back and settle down again," he said in a mild, grainy voice, "if we keep still."

Mark subsided. He swallowed. As thoughtlessly as a duck, he himself had saluted the day, out of an excitement older than memory.

The ducks returned. Mark saw them before he heard them, little twinkling specks of black that moved together against the grey sky.

Mr. Pollock nodded, silently thrust two cartridges into his gun and closed it.

Mark copied him, watching his father now, instead of the flight, which came staggering yet orderly on the beaten air.

Punch quivered, his nose lifted to the sky.

Mr. Pollock gave Mark a half look, and raised his gun in a trial sight. Then he indicated that if the birds came over them and started to settle on the river beyond the willows they would shoot.

The river was chocolate brown, shallow, slaking its way around mud banks of the same colour, which gave off a rich smell.

Here they came, growing specks along the silver reflection of the gun barrels, with silver streaks in the sky beyond. The air drummed. All sound vanished and only sight was left, tense, as the guns made their arcs with the circle and swift descent of the ducks.

Then by a common power of agreement they both fired.

The shots broke the whole adventure, and dawn, and boy, and father, and skylife, and river world, blazed into an instant of ringing silence.

The flight struck upward again from the waiting water, and was gone.

But three fell, and they watched them — heavy black plummets with ragged wings from which a few feathers drifted separately.

Mark jumped to his feet.

But his father showed him in silent example how to break his gun and lay it for safety's sake on the ground, and lovingly, because of its exciting oily smell, its sweet, smooth wood, its power of compressed dominion over living things. Following Punch, Mr. Pollock led the way through the little willow brake to the shallow water and beyond, where their game lay on the long mud bank in mid-stream.

Later they moved downstream.

They had chances to shoot three more times, and did their best, before Mr. Pollock said that they'd better think about getting back. He had his canvas pouch pockets full of birds whose blood smelled like marsh weeds.

Mark carried three ducks by hand. They were, it was agreed, his first three. There was still enough baby in him to want to hold them forever.

Mr. Pollock unlocked the car and opened the back door on the right-side. The back seat was covered by heavy brown wrapping paper—Mrs. Pollock's contribution to the good sense and economy of the expedition. There they put down their bleeding ducks.

This was about nine o'clock.

There were no mysteries left in the day. True, it was turning a little colder, for low grey clouds were unfolding from the east. But everything stood clear and simple, so far just like another day.

"Mark, you take the guns and put them in the car," said Mr. Pollock. "I counted one more duck that we knocked down last time. I'll take Punch and go back and find him. You wait here."

Mark took his father's gun, which was left open at the break, and empty of cartridges. He saw the man and the dog trudge off. He went around the car to the other side and opened the front door. Reaching over, he hurriedly put the two shotguns on the back seat, side by side, making the same angle with their open chambers and barrels, muzzles outward.

He shut the door with a vague feeling of forgetting something, but it seemed more desirable at the moment to get around to the other side of the car in a hurry in order to watch the progress of his father and the dog.

Presently the other two reappeared from the blurred brown ranks of weeds and walked patiently back towards the car. In Mr. Pollock's hand was one more dead duck.

He came round the car on the right side and opened the door.

Mark's gun was released by the opening of the car door, and slid along the covering of the seat towards the floor of the car. It struck with force. The breech closed as the butt thumped on the floor, and what Mark had half-forgotten then took effect. He had not removed the cartridges.

The impact of the gun stock on the floor jarred the gun sharply. One barrel fired.

The duck fell from Mr. Pollock's hand. It trailed a trifle of slimy blood on the dried mud earth.

Mr. Pollock bent forward and gave a long, agonized groan. He fell down, bleeding, too, slowly, until he was humped leaning against the car with his arms round his middle.

The boy's heart was banging with sick hurry in him, and choking him in the throat. He wanted to talk to his father, but his father was gone, for the time being, he could see that, and he was afraid, for he knew whose fault it was that Mr. Pollock lay there like something else, after that ringing explosion.

HE knelt down and put his stalky arms under Mr. Pollock's shoulders, thinking to lift him into the car. He could not budge him.

"Perhaps it would kill him to move him, anyway——" echoing the Red Cross lessons in first aid they had learned in school during the war.

Plans occurred to him.

Perhaps, if he waited a while, Mr. Pollock would wake up refreshed from a little nap, and they would get into the car, and go back to town, and he and Edwin would clean the ducks in the back yard, and mum would cook them, with an apple and an onion inside each one. Or perhaps Doctor Sessions would come by, and operate at once.

Or perhaps he, too, would simply die.

He closed his eyes to see how this would feel.

When he opened them again he was crying and fully aware of what he had done.

As reality returned to him, he saw what he must do. He managed inch by inch to move his father down to earth from the side of the car. Mr. Pollock was breathing wetly. He seemed to shake his head blindly as the boy moved him.

Now the car was free.

Mark put Punch on guard. The dog looked hungrily after the boy, but stayed where he was told. Mark got into the car, and remembering the few times he had driven it, against every law of the household, down the drive, he pinched his lips and again said, "Now, let's see," as he rehearsed the technique of driving.

He started the engine, put the gear into reverse, and let the clutch go, but too suddenly. The car leaped backwards and then stopped, for he had stalled the engine. He started over again, this time swinging in a wide arc to turn round and head for the road over the sand dunes.

Just before he drove forward, Mark glanced back fearfully to see if perhaps his father would sharply call to him, asking: "Where the heck do you think you're going with that car?"

But there was no such threat, and he whined along in second gear, swaying with the lift and boggle of the car over the uneven track.

When he reached the highway he stopped the car and sat there numb for a little while.

What would he have to say if he stopped someone? How could he ever say it? He hoped nobody would stop.

But almost immediately there came a car. Inviting his own doom, Mark got out and stepped into the near lane. The driver swerved and pulled up.

He was Tim Motherwell, of the County Agricultural Committee. It was lucky he came along. He was a young man in whom the outdoors had reposed its secrets and its ways during all his life. At ease with the natural world, Tim was one of those who can wring an essential note of goodness, or hope, or respect out of people at their worst. He waited for the boy to get his voice. He had noticed blood on Mark's jacket. What might have put it there he was already imagining, when Mark managed to tell him what lay up the sandy track by the river.

Tim nodded mildly, but he lost no time. He drove Mark back to the river. As they went Mark tried to tell him how it had happened.

"I did it," he kept repeating.

"We'll see," Tim replied, and wondered, like so many people in the next few days, what could ever reclaim this boy from this morning.

"About there?" asked Tim, pointing.

Mark nodded.

In a moment they came to a halt and got out of the car. Punch was there, trembling with fear and strangeness; he stood up to greet them with a stifled yap. They came forward and Tim bent down. Almost at once he saw that the father was dead. They got home as soon as they could manage, and in ten minutes the news was everywhere.

If people did not say it aloud, they spoke plainly with their eyes. "Oh! That poor boy! He will never get over this for the rest of his life!"

In everybody's face Mark read: "That is the boy who killed his father. . . ." And somehow a buried purpose stirred in those who looked at him or talked about him; and awe

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

was mingled with their pity, and guilt with their forgiveness.

After the three days—the rest of Saturday, all day Sunday, until Monday afternoon, when the funeral was held—Mark Pollock was in danger. Edwin knew it. The boy's teeth would chatter suddenly and for no immediate reason. By turns he longed to be with his mother, and could not bear facing her.

My baby, she would sob, smothering him with crushing sympathy. And then again, she would have hours during which she would exile him in silent grief and widowhood. He was afraid most of all that Edwin would hate him for what he had done. He spent hours awake at night breaking his will on terrible schemes to make everything up to everybody. But an imp of maturity abided in him, and told him how useless were these waking dreams. He must shrink even from them.

He did not want to go back to school on the Tuesday morning, giving as his reason that someone had let the air out of his bicycle tyres. Edwin went to see, and it was true. The brothers looked at each other, both knowing who had done it. They did not discuss it.

INSTEAD, Edwin drove Mark over to school in the car, but he could not make him get out and fall in with the tumbling boys in the playground.

"One of these days, you know, Mark," said Edwin, meaning that he'd have to start school again sooner or later.

Mark shook his head.

"Never. I can't."

"You can't?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Mark shrugged. He didn't know.

"How about trying, say just for the morning?" asked Edwin. "I'll promise to be here at break, and if you still want to then, I'll let you out of it."

Mark shook his head.

"Well, then, what do you want to do?"

"Nothing."

The brothers sat in silence, staring straight ahead through the windscreen, while Edwin played a little tune on his teeth with his thumbnail. A couple of boys spotted the car and ran over to get Mark, calling his name. Mark crouched down and said hoarsely: "Come on, come on, let's go."

Edwin drove off. The other boys watched after them and then one of them went loose on his legs, pointed a forefinger at the crown of his own head, made his eyes cross, and hung out his tongue. Then they went back to their game.

Without further discussion Edwin simply let Mark stay with him that day, in the front seat of the car, as he went on his business calls. This made an idle and drowsy day for Mark, and when it was over, and they were home for supper, he was ready to go to bed early.

It was barely half-past nine when someone knocked at the door. It was Tim Motherwell. He came in and shook hands with Edwin, saying that he just happened to be driving by and thought of looking in for a second to see if there was anything he could do.

Edwin said yes, his brother was in a bad way.

Tim said he suspected as much, and with modesty and diffidence told what he would do about it if it was *his* young brother.

Their conversation had many gaps of word but not of thought. When the essential matter was finished there was a long pause.

"Well," Tim said, "I got to be going. See you soon, Edwin."

The next morning Mrs. Pollock, in the name of what his father would have wanted, declared that this time Mark must go to school, and ordered Edwin to drive him there again. Mark turned white.

"No. I can't."

"Yes, you can. Oh, what have I done to deserve—— You know what your father thought about giving you boys a good education, and now, here you sit, and won't——"

Her broken-hearted righteousness welled up in her more powerful than grief itself, and she crushed the boys with the very same love which had given them being.

Mark left the table and went to the back garden. There he was violently sick. Edwin found him shuddering on the back steps like a starving cat.

"Come on, Mark," he said, and practically dragged the boy to the car. Mark clenched his jaws and braced his feet against the floorboards the closer they came to the red brick school building, but Edwin without a glance drove right on past the teeming block of the school and its winter-blanched playing field and continued out of town.

"I'd gain his confidence," Tim had said. "I wouldn't hurry."

So once again, this time defying the suffering authority at home, Edwin took his brother with him, and did the same all the rest of the week.

And then on Saturday—one week after Mark's first time out shooting—Edwin, having made a few preparations in private, got up at four in the morning, and went to Mark's room.

"Come on, get up," he said.

Mark was stunned with sleep.

"What for?"

"Never mind what for. Get up. Come on, I've got your clothes. We can dress in the living-room, where it's warm. Be quiet. Don't wake mum. Turn out the light."

The boy followed his brother. In the front room they got dressed stealthily. It was exciting.

"Where're we going?"

"Never you mind. Come on."

Edwin was dressed first. Waiting for Mark, he sat down at the dining-room table, which bore marks on its brown oak surface of a strenuous life, and wrote a note which Mrs. Pollock told everybody later she would keep forever.

"Dear Mum," it said, "don't worry, Mark and I have gone off on a job. Back during the day. Taking Punch with us for the ride. Be a good girl and don't worry. Love and kisses. E."

He propped it up against the crystal fruit bowl in the centre of the table, where she would easily find it, for the bowl held her darning materials and her glasses. He knew, too, that when she came to his fond, impudent advice to be a good girl, she, in whom there remained no degree of girl whatever, would weep over it with pride, to see that the power of the family had passed to him.

It was not cruel to make her weep. It was almost a kindness, for she enjoyed it so, and in these days it gave her solace to feel anything else but the main dream of her shocking loss.

The boys went gently out of the front door, and around to the yard to Punch's house, which they had built together so long ago. One of the family mysteries was that they had never caught Punch asleep. He knew them now as they approached and mildly banged his ugly tail on the floor of his residence.

"Come on, Punch, old boy, old boy," said Edwin softly. The self-important old dog got up slowly and stretched himself, sagging luxuriously first fore and then aft. And then, with a prankish lunge, he assumed the gaiety of a puppy, but could not sustain it, and soberly followed his masters to their car. Edwin unlocked it, they all got in, and Edwin drove off. The night was black and empty in the cold streets.

Mark looked sidewise to question his brother. Edwin, though he felt the look, did not acknowledge it, but merely drove on.

The first pale strips of day now showed ahead of them in the east. Suddenly, as though between looks, it was there. With it came a colder feel. Edwin speeded up as though to race the dawn.

MARK saw the road unreel before and under him. Where were they going? He put his hand on the door handle beside him with an unformed notion that he might open the door and, speed or no speed, get out. Edwin caught this out of the corner of his eye. He began to whistle a little tune inside his teeth, leaned over, and snapped the door handle up to a locked position. Again it was an action which said more than it appeared to.

By the time they saw the river, its slow, sparse waters were reflecting the early light in the midst of heavy shade over the earth. The watery course lay like shining silver knives, curved and jagged.

They were driving fast. Mark, in terror, both did and did not believe it when the car slowed down and took to the track that ran over the dunes, in the same darkness, by the same reeds, in the same cold, as a week ago this morning. Edwin stopped the car and got out. He opened the rear door for Punch, who scrambled forth with his head lifted amid the marshy smells on the faintly stirring air. At the luggage compartment Edwin unlocked the handle and flung open the lid. He took out two shotguns, a box of cartridges, and two pairs of rubber boots.

"Come on, Mark," he called.

The front door opened and Mark stepped out, against his wish.

Edwin threw Mark's boots to him.

"Put them on."

"What for?"

"Put them on."

Everything was greater than Mark. He could only be overwhelmed. He was numb, inside and out. He put the boots on.

Edwin then handed him his own gun.

"No."

"Take it. Go on. We're going to get some ducks."

Mark took it. He could hardly feel it in his grasp.

Edwin led the way up the river to the hide where long ago he, too, had come with his father. The day was nearing. Again, sky and marsh and the earth's own curve evolved towards the moment of glory and revelation.

Once again not only all light but all sound and all space beat upon the senses when the sun rose. The ducks were there again. They fled the shadows and streaked noisily into the lofty light. Like his father, Edwin stayed their fire at the dawn flight. The birds would return.

"Load," said Edwin.

Mark fumbled with his gun.

He could not handle it.

Edwin took it from him and loaded it, and handed it back.

"You take the first one, Mark."

They waited.

The older brother set his jaws. He knew what he was doing, and the pain he was causing.

PRESENTLY the birds were coming over again. Edwin pointed. Mark saw only a dazzle of flying black specks in the yellowing sky.

"Now," whispered Edwin.

Mark raised his gun and tried to sight, leading the flight, which seemed everywhere. He was shaking. He fired, alone.

Nothing fell.

He brought down his gun. His head was ringing. He looked at Edwin.

"Tough," said Edwin.

Mark thrust his gun at Edwin for him to take. "Let me go," he said.

Edwin shook his head and pushed the gun back to his brother's grasp.

"You'll do better next time."

"I—I will?"

"Of course you will."

Edwin, whistling silently, turned his gaze over the sky.

What? thought Mark. And then this was astounding: powerfully, like a wind, free and lofting, the idea blew through him, and he thought: "Of course I will!"

He looked at Edwin to find an explanation of the excitement which spread so fast in his being. But Edwin was immovable, watching the lower reaches of the sky.

"I will get some next time," whispered Mark. "I got three last Saturday, and I'll get more today."

Edwin nodded briefly. His heart began to thump with relief. Mark's excitement could not be hidden. He could never have said so, but Edwin knew they had come here to put Death in its place. And were going to succeed. THE END

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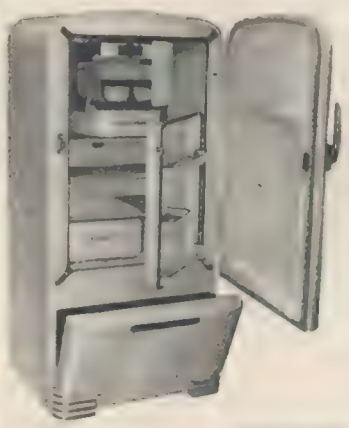

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Pat hands up a drink to Eddie on a training spin. Their goal: this year's husband-and-wife championship

Time-trial couple

by STANLEY RUSSELL

For Pat and Eddie Seeger, riding a hundred miles to breakfast is just part of their routine. Cyclists on the hush-hush dawn patrol soon learn to expect nothing but glory—and hard work

LAST SUMMER IT WAS estimated that at least 15,000 riders were out on the roads early every Sunday competing in officially organized time-trial events, and another 15,000 were there to help as course marshals and cheer them on and hand up food and drink as they passed, head down, sniffing the dust, perspiring freely, in an effort to cover anything from twenty-five to 100 miles as quickly as possible.

Time-trial cycling is hard work. Nobody but a rabid enthusiast would go to the trouble and inconvenience it demands, and for such puny rewards. Though the initial costs of owning and running the right type of machine are heavy (£45 for the bike, plus £14 for a change pair of wheels, plus £3 to £4 per tyre), the prizes for the winners are nominal. They may not include cycling equipment.

All the events are held miles from busy centres — none is permitted within thirty miles west of London, for instance—and events are frequently started at five or six o'clock in the morning, to avoid other forms of traffic. The sport is so secret that even roads well known to motorists, like the Bath Road and the Newmarket Road, have their own code identification so that only members shall know when a trial is being held there.

To prevent congestion, but mainly because the laws prohibit massed racing on the public roads, competitors are normally sent off at one-minute intervals. In an ordinary race, the first man home knows he has won. In a time-trial the last may prove to be first. The race is against the clock rather than the next man.

Husband-Wife Partnerships

Though, in the quaint wording of a Road Time-Trials Council rule, promoters "must ensure that men and women do not intermingle," men may help at women's events, and vice versa, acting as checkers at strategic points, marking the course, and handing up food and drink as the riders pass. And, since most trials enthusiasts have graduated from the social side of cycling clubs, there are many husband-and-wife partnerships.

One of the most successful of these partnerships is that of the Seegers, who live in North London. Until now, Eddie Seeger has spent so much time organizing events for his Barnet Road Club (a dozen in a season, involving addressing up to 600 envelopes every time) that he has been unable to do himself justice on the road. But his wife, Pat, is already the star long-distance rider of her club, Rosslyn Ladies, and this year Eddie is hoping to make up some of his lost ground. Pat also is developing her ambitions. She wants to capture the Birmingham-London record.

To their neighbours in Claremont Road, Highgate, the sight of the Seegers' bicycles propped up against the kerb is always the first sign that summer is on the way, for though the season opens officially in early March with the short-distance events (twenty-five miles for men, ten for women) several weeks' hard training are necessary before then. The Seegers start with evening training spins of forty miles or so, and through the next few weeks gradually work up to seventy or more. With the season under way, they readjust their week to begin on Tuesday, and it goes like this:

Tuesday, training spin; Wednesday, checking over machines, attending to gears, etc., with special attention to the technical needs of the next trial; Thursday, another training spin; Friday, relax (generally a visit to the pictures); Saturday morning, final touching-up of machines; afternoon, ride to scene of next day's trial (this often means they part for the weekend); Sunday, race in morning, more leisurely run in afternoon, meeting if possible for journey home; Monday, quiet evening at home.

In the daytime there is the question of earning the money to pay for the luxury of the weekend's hardship. Eddie is in the timber business; Pat, her mind forging a more subtle connection between work and play, stays at home, pedalling away at a machine that makes blouses and frocks.

Eddie and Pat were married six years ago, when he was eighteen and she seventeen. Both were members of a youth club that staged cycling runs, and Pat's long legs quickly carried her away from the other girls and up among the faster-moving boys' section. Then one day her front wheel wobbled, she veered towards Eddie, and her brake handle became entangled in his. They came down in a heap, which is as good a way as any for a love story to begin.

Learning From Each Other

This season the Seegers badly want to capture the unofficial husband-and-wife championship for most wins, held by a Sheffield couple. That means more hard work and, for both of them, a change in technique, for Pat is not at her best over short distances and Eddie loses time on the long runs. Pat also has to overcome a form of nervousness during trials that prevents her eating or drinking.

She has, too, an unaccountable habit of starting slowly. At the halfway stage of her club's Open 100 last year she was far behind the schedule Eddie had drawn up for her. But she went on—and finished winner in record time for the event.

Her time for the second half of that run was ten minutes better than the first fifty miles. "If I could do that, I'd be national champion," comments Eddie.

Food and drink form quite an expensive item in a rider's overheads. Almost invariably, overnight accommodation has to be found. There are, fortunately, several caterers, probably old cyclists, who will provide a hot meal on arrival, facilities for wheel changing, bed and two breakfasts (cereals and tea at 4 a.m. or so, and egg and bacon or its equivalent later in the morning) for 12s. 6d.

Twig Can Cause Trouble

Changing from touring wheels to racing type (which generally have been carried slung over the handlebars) is one of the most important overnight jobs and corresponds to the rugging, grooming, and feeding of horses. And, though the machines are strong and sturdy, capable of carrying at least a stone for every pound of their own weight, they are, like horses, apt to be upset by small things. Many a rider has come to grief through running over a twig.

Eddie Seeger recalls a pothole in Savernake Forest that gave him a nasty jar. With no time to spend on repairs, he went on and reached the finish, near Reading. But as he dismounted the machine collapsed.

The Seegers have sold their tandem. It's no good to us," explains Eddie. "Pat and I ride in different rhythms. If we were to pedal in unison it would ruin us as solo riders."

Though both of them cycle hundreds of miles a week, neither uses a bicycle for everyday transport. Eddie lives so close to his work that the journey would not be worth the bother. As for Pat: "I'm nervous in traffic," she says. "I know I'd wobble."

THE END

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FROM MACDONALDS — WHO MAKE THE BEST BISCUITS

THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

Continued from page 18

blinked again and scurried back just as she was crossing the footpath. "He's not there," he said hastily. "He's—he's left."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkerton!" Mary Winship looked at him with quick surprise. Her cheeks flushed a little. She looked very pretty, except, he thought, that she was rather too pale, as if she'd not slept very well. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to see Mr. Copeland about a—a matter. But he's not in."

He cleared his throat hesitatingly. "I—I wonder if you'd have lunch with me?" he asked timidly. "There was something I wanted to see him about, too. Perhaps. . . ."

She looked at him quickly. "Is it about my father, Mr. Pinkerton?"

He could see that she knew it was even before he nodded his head, which was a mistake. It felt much better when it was still.

"Then I'd love to. I—I'm terribly worried. I know a place we can go to."

"You—you didn't go to Paris?" They were in a taxi and almost at the Green Parrot, in Regent Street, before Mr. Pinkerton, dismayed by the sudden realization of what he was actually doing, or about to do, could find his voice to ask her that.

Her eyes were fixed ahead of her. "I changed my mind. I spent the night with my uncle. Elliot Winship—you know, the architect. My father's brother. He's so vague I don't see how he ever makes up his mind to put one stone on top of another." She twisted her hands together and bit her lower lip to stop its trembling. "I still don't know whether he even heard what I was talking about. That's why I wanted to see Copey."

The taxi drew up in front of a small tearoom with a large green parrot sitting in the window. Mary opened her bag. "I'll pay him," she said, and had done it before Mr. Pinkerton could get his worn brown leather purse out of his trousers pocket. It had been one of the late Mrs. Pinkerton's methods of discouraging impulsive expenditure that he had never quite cared to abandon.

"It won't be so crowded upstairs so early." She led him up to a small table in a corner. "Now tell me."

But as Mr. Pinkerton looked at her she seemed so very young, and so unhappy, that his throat closed up. All he could do was blink at her like a bewildered owl. She put her hand out impulsively across the table and on his sleeve.

"I know it sounds dreadful, but it's not really. It can't be. There must have been some terrible misunderstanding. Because, don't you see, mother's always told me wonderful things about him. She'd never have done so if he'd been so awful or if he'd even been capable of doing anything awful. There's something wrong somewhere." Her small, pointed chin was high and her eyes bright and clear. "Do you know what he's supposed to have done?"

In the face of her passionate conviction, Mr. Pinkerton was a little ashamed that his answer had to be on the basis of information that neither he nor Pegott had come by in a really honest and legitimate fashion.

"Was it . . . something about a picture?"

"I hate hiding things," she said warmly. "Yes, it's the picture. They go on thinking I know nothing about it, but ever since I was a child. . . . They should have told me. Then I'd have got used to the idea. You see, I knew mother always had one of her attacks—she nearly dies with asthma when certain things happen. Like . . . when the flowers come. When they came yesterday, and she tried to hide them; and the time I found the copy of my grandfather's will on the desk, and read it—I didn't see why I shouldn't—and asked her where the picture he left her had got to. She wasn't really his child, her mother was his second wife, so he hadn't got to leave her anything, except that he adored her mother, and her, too."

Mr. Pinkerton put down his fork and blinked at her, bewildered at the sudden flow of information all quite new to him.

"I mean, why should anyone be ill sometimes and not others? You see, for years now, she's always got red roses on October 16, and in April, on her birthday, a little bunch of yellow primroses. I—I found out my father sent them. And she's always desperately ill. Last night, just before I left—I'd been so excited I hadn't noticed that either of them was upset—I went into her room and I saw she'd got her fur jacket out. I saw the flowers, and a note she'd got. I asked her what it was, and she wouldn't tell me, and burned it up the minute I turned my back. The ashes were in a tray on her dressing table. She was already getting an attack."

Mr. Pinkerton ate his tinned fruit and custard without really noticing it very much. He remembered he had seen the flowers himself, last night, in the lift.

WHAT Mary Winship said next startled him so much that he almost dropped his spoon.

"You won't believe this, but I—I got it into my head something must be happening to her. I decided someone was poisoning her. Deliberately, I mean."

Mr. Pinkerton swallowed hastily, adjusted his lozenge-shaped spectacles and looked at her in dismay.

"Poisoning her?" he managed to stammer.

She nodded. "Deliberately poisoning her. It just shows you the state I'd got into. People stop acting like normal human beings when this sort of thing goes on. Last spring, when the primroses came, I took the rest of her food—she's always so ill she can hardly eat anything—I took the rest of her food to a chemist I know. Of course, all of us were eating the same food, but I didn't know. So that's what I did. He analysed everything she ate for a whole week before I broke down and told Aunt Caroline what I was doing."

Mr. Pinkerton shuddered inwardly. "What—what did your aunt do?" He was almost afraid for her to tell him.

"She was terrified, of course. First she thought I was out of my mind. Then she thought we ought to keep on with it another week. We did, but there was nothing at all. Just the primroses. And she was over it then, by that time."

"Is she—could she be allergic to——"

"I have thought of that. I've thought of everything. And then I—I asked a psychiatrist I know. He said it was all quite simple. She really doesn't want to see him. Not really, you see. So she gets sick so she can't. Instead of going out to see him, she has to go to bed."

Two hot, bright spots burned in her cheeks and her eyes were like molten sapphires. "And now that policeman's here, or whatever he is," she said. "He must have been following him or he wouldn't come here just when my father comes here again, and turn up at Godolphin Square. And he's got my book—it's Aunt Caroline's really—about missing pictures. If he finds my father, they'll put him in prison. I'm not supposed to know that either, but I do. So I've got to find him first. I've got to find him and warn him that Mr. McGrath. . . ."

Mr. Pinkerton's jaw dropped. He had entirely forgotten that he had himself had the same suspicion of Dan McGrath not three hours before, and that that was in fact his sole reason for being here

now. "Mr. McGrath?" he exclaimed.

Mary Winship nodded. "He's—he's a beast." Her cheeks flushed hotly.

Mr. Pinkerton hesitated only an instant. "He's going to see your father. Pegott knows where he is. He's going to take Mr. McGrath to see him tonight. At eleven o'clock."

"Pegott?" She was looking at him incredulously.

Mr. Pinkerton nodded. "That's what I went to see Mr. Copeland about. But he wouldn't see me."

"Oh, not Copey!" The flush died in her cheeks. "He'd—he'd do something awful. He hates my father."

"I—I thought of your aunt," Mr. Pinkerton said.

"She'd be worse." Mary gathered up her bag and gloves. "If you think mother's allergic to primroses, you ought to see Aunt Caroline if anyone happens to speak of my father. You'd best keep out of it, Mr. Pinkerton. It's a family row. A really serious one."

"I—I expect you're right," Mr. Pinkerton said apologetically. He put down sixpence for the waitress and took up the bill. "I—I wasn't meaning to interfere."

He followed her across the room to the stairway, feeling very old and seedy in the springlike wake of her erect young figure and quick, elastic step.

She started down, with Mr. Pinkerton at her heels, and on them, in fact, as she came to an abrupt halt where the stairs angled and she had a view of the dining-room on the ground floor. She stepped backwards so quickly that he had to scramble aside to get out of her way.

"Quickly," she whispered. "Come back."

He scurried up the stairs after her, more than puzzled.

"Do you think we might have a pot of tea over by the window?"

The waitress took the order, impassively.

"My cousin's down there," Mary said coolly. "Eric. Who do you think he's with?"

"I don't know."

"Pegott." She brushed a crumb off the tablecloth. "Eric's up to something. He's a snob. He wouldn't lunch with Pegott unless. . . ."

She was silent until the waitress put down their tea and left them. Then she smiled faintly. "I told Eric this was a quiet place where he wouldn't see any of his friends. . . . You said Pegott was going to take Mr. McGrath to see my father tonight?"

"At eleven o'clock."

"But . . . how does Pegott know where he is? He never knew him." She looked silently at Mr. Pinkerton for a moment. "You know, I'd bet anything it's Eric that knows where he is. And he's using Pegott. Is Mr. McGrath ready to pay for information?"

Mr. Pinkerton hesitated. "There's the picture, of course. And the five thousand pounds."

"The five thousand pounds?" She looked at him blankly.

She didn't know about that, then, he thought miserably.

"Just what are you saying, Mr. Pinkerton? You've started. Go on."

Mr. Pinkerton managed to tell her what he had heard outside Dan McGrath's door. ". . . Of course, that's just what Pegott said to Mr. McGrath." Her lips were parted, the blood quite gone from her face.

"I — I'm so sorry," he said wretchedly. "I didn't——"

"It's all right. I'm glad you told me. I really see now why Aunt Caroline had that book. I thought she was trying to trace the picture to—to get it back for mother and me."

She sat quietly looking down into the teacup for a moment, or seeming to do so. He saw her eyes were really focused sideways, under the long, curling lashes, on the street below. She was waiting for her cousin and the valet to appear.

"Where is Mr. McGrath now, Mr. Pinkerton?"

"He was at the flat when I left."

She put her hand out quickly. "There goes Pegott."

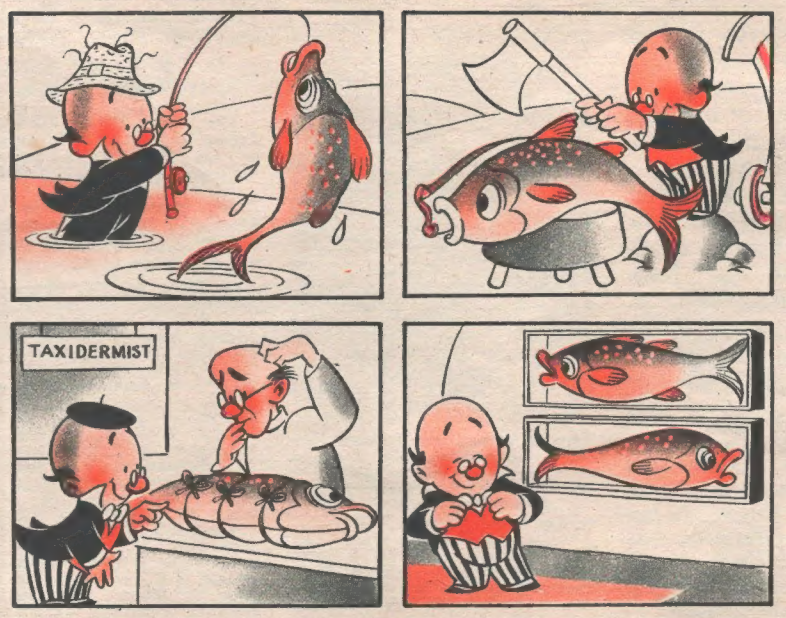
The permanent valet had come out below. They watched him put his hat on and look along the road, a half smile on his face as he swung on to a bus. Eric Dalrymple-Hughes came out then. He hailed a taxi and got in.

Mary Winship gave Mr. Pinkerton a quick smile and picked up her gloves again. "You and I are going out to see Mr. McGrath. "You are on my side of this, aren't you?"

Even if she had not rested her cool fingers lightly on the back of his shaking hand for an instant before she pushed her chair back, Mr. Pinkerton would still have been on her side. He nodded his head without even noticing the pain.

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



At ten minutes past four Dan McGrath went back to Godolphin Square, as far as he could see not a great deal wiser than he had been when he left it at eleven o'clock in the morning. He had at least learned, for one thing, that there were no copies of that other McGrath's book in any of the bookshops along Charing Cross Road. For another, he had learned, thanks to Betty, the chambermaid, that Pegott was lunching with Mr. Eric Dalrymple-Hughes at a place in Regent Street called the Green Parrot.

The information, while interesting, had not turned out to be of very much use to him. He had seen the two go in separately and come out separately. For a brief instant he had wondered, hardly believing his own eyes, if he was on the track of a wider conspiracy.

There might be a hundred little grey men with brown bowler hats in London, but there was only one Mr. Pinkerton, he was sure, and certainly only one girl who did to his pulse rate what the girl who got out of the taxi with Mr. Pinkerton did. He had a third pint of weak beer in the pub across the street, and saw Mary and Mr. Pinkerton in the upstairs window, watching the street themselves until Pegott and Eric Dalrymple-Hughes took their separate departures.

He had tried to follow the other two when they left, but Mary had disappeared into the Underground and Mr. Pinkerton had been absorbed into the protective drabness of the crowds in Oxford Street, as invisible as a jack rabbit in a snow-covered birch wood.

"Oh, Mr. McGrath!" He stopped at the door of the lift and looked down the hall. Miss Grimstead, smiling brightly, was leaning out of the office window. "Did you get your lunch properly, Mr. McGrath?" she inquired solicitously. "We're so shorthanded, and poor Pegott's mother was taken to hospital just at lunchtime."

"I was out, so it didn't matter," Dan said. "But thanks. I hope she'll be all right."

He got into the lift and pressed the button for the third floor. Either Pegott and Dalrymple-Hughes were in the business together, he was thinking, or Pegott was taking his wares to the open market. Which it was, he would find out at eleven o'clock that night. He could let it ride until then.

The lift whirred to a stop. As he opened the door and got out, he saw that Pegott was back. He was just coming out of his room or going in—which, Dan could not have said. He then realized, as the man with his hand on the doorknob turned about, that it was not Pegott at all. While Dan could not see him in any very illuminated detail, he got an impression of baggy tweeds, a slight build, an indefinable air of good breeding.

The man was peering at him with quietly amused interest. "Oh, I say," he said pleasantly. "I say, are you the American who writes books?"

"No," Dan said. "I can write my name, but that's about all."

"Oh, I see; you've got what you call a ghost writer, is that it?" The man seemed more amused than before. "But you are the American that my niece is in such a blow about, are you not? The chap that's hunting that wretched daub my sister-in-law thinks is Art?"

"Except that I'm not hunting it," Dan said. "I take it that you're Miss Winship's uncle?"

"Right you are, I'm Elliot Winship," the man said. "I'm looking for the *valet de chambre*. What's his name?"

"Pegott?"

"That's it. You've not seen him about, have you?"

"He was here at breakfast."

Elliot Winship moved away from the valet's door and came closer to Dan. He appeared to have quiet, greyish eyes, a lean, sensitive face and sandy hair touched with grey.

"My niece spent the night with me," he said. "Seems to have got it into her head you're some sort of a detective."

"No," Dan said patiently. "Just a gifted amateur."

Elliot Winship laughed. "Oh, I say, that does make it bad, doesn't it? Makes a pair of us mucking things up. And my niece. Seems to think this valet fellow's got something up his sleeve. Something to do with my brother." In the uncertain light his face appeared to sober as he looked up at Dan. "I say, you're not really here trying to kick up a row about something we'd all be most happy to forget, are you?"

"No, Mr. Winship," Dan said deliberately. "I'm really not."

Elliot Winship's face cleared instantly. "Relieved to hear it, old fellow. Very. Thought it was all nonsense. Perhaps we ought to consult with each other. Come round and lunch with me, will you? Tomorrow? 53 Saint Giles's Terrace. Delighted to see you. One o'clock." He stepped into the waiting lift. "Cheerio," he said, smiling.

Dan smiled back. With a brother who was obviously intelligent and pleasant, there was at least a strong likelihood that Scott Winship could not be a complete louse.

Concluding that, he went back again in his mind to the misgivings that had been quietly developing there about the wisdom of meeting Scott Winship in the solid flesh. Maybe it would be wiser to let well enough alone. In point of fact, whatever he said or believed, he actually was kicking up a row about something they all wanted to forget. He'd denied it to Caroline Winship out in the square, and again to Elliot Winship, and to himself in pretending it was for Mary and her mother, to save them from Pegott's machinations.

The truth was that he was playing along with Pegott, no matter what else he thought he was doing. And now that he knew Eric Dalrymple-Hughes was in it somewhere, there was no point in deceiving himself any longer.

He stood in the dimly lighted hall thinking it over, and decided suddenly to go out, take a walk and think matters over a little further, being, consequently, not in his room when Mr. Evan Pinkerton knocked on his door to invite him to tea with Mary Winship.

It was quarter to six when he came back. What he should do was clear in his mind. He should get hold of Pegott and do what he should have done in the morning—namely, scare the living daylights out of him.

Pegott's door was not locked. He stepped inside, closed the door behind him and switched on the light. He looked slowly round the room, instantly alert.

It was much more comfortably furnished than Mr. Pinkerton's or his own, and at the same time extraordinarily bare. The reason could not have been more evident. Pegott was leaving. His luggage was packed and piled against the wall at the foot of the bed.

One small composition-leather dispatch case was lying open on the bed, waiting for the last moment. He saw a hairbrush, a worn leather toilet, a pair of felt slippers, a pair of lavender-and-pink pyjamas in it, and something else, something red, only partly concealed

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s, if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 29, and in JOHN BULL dated May 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Path To Peace
The Good Earth
We All Make Mistakes, So
Ogre Of Communism
Ought To Be Careful
The Majority
Suspicious
Next On The List
Fought For
A Close Thing
Tried And Trusted
Sonny's A Terror, But
The Cat
Not So Dumb
Puzzled The Tourist
Drip—Drip—Drip
Expensive
At The Spiv's Wedding
Tripped Up
Chip Of The Old Block

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

.....For Cripps
Only Needs A.....
.....Was Lucky And
Decent.....
Up In The.....
Made.....Look Small

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets," 1,726 (or Xword 678), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (1mp.)

Torquay for your prize holiday? How you'd enjoy views like this—and having no bills to pay!

Continued from next column

Violets! Mrs. W. Salts, "Gwrych," Abergele, Denbighshire: DOES HER GOOD—FEELING A LITTLE *Wicked*! W. F. Thwaites, 24 Berkshire Road, Henley-on-Thames: HE WHO FIRES—AWAY, *Increases* HIS "AMMUNITION."

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated March 25.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

"Bullets" Winners 1,721

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Presentation: S. C. Patterson, 214 High Street, Portobello: IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE VERY NEAR THE "GODS"

£50 plus Presentation: D. Green, 20 Deane Road, Liverpool, 7: ON THE MENU—FOLLOWING "CHOP-SUEY," "CURRY"?

£25 plus Presentation: L. Morris, 54 Bagshot Road, Knaphill, Woking: WE HATE—OTHERS HATE—MEDITATE, MEDIATE!

10 of £5: H. W. Beresford, 27 Kemerton Road, Camberwell, S.E.5: JOB FOR A SUPERMAN—AMONGST ANGELS, SONNY'S PRAYER! Mrs. F. Brown, 58 Stuart Road, Bootle: HELPLESS—GRANDPA—BEEN HELPING BARMAN! J. M. Furlong, Lower Cooting, Adisham, Canterbury: HE WHO STRETCHES—TRUTH, HIT BY "REBOUND." B. Gurd, 18 Highfield Road, Lymington: IF DOVE COULD SPEAK—"*Do* SOMETHING, YOU PARROTS!" M. B. Jones, 49 Stairhaven Road, Brodie Avenue, Liverpool: EVERYTHING TO HER—I *Meant* TO MEAN! T. Lambert, 43 East Whickham Street, Sunderland: IF CURATE COULD SPEAK—DAMNING AUNTIE'S HOME-MADE TOFFEE! T. J. Pimbley, 24 Mile House Lane, St. Albans: THAT OLD FOX, GRANDPA—OFTTIMES LED *Peelers* DANCE! J. P. Pinel, 67 Horn Park Lane, Lee, S.E.12: TO SETTLE THE ARGUMENT—HE RESORTED TO—

Continued in privious column

CASH, FOOD and OTHER XWORD PRIZES

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

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Across Clues XWORD 678

2. Mother sometimes has to put this down if she keeps a cat
5. Avoid a man who's this if you're not a patient, sympathetic person
7. Forward doesn't like being this by opposing back when on point of shooting
9. These of actors have a bearing on the quality of their performances
11. Angler should be prepared to do this
12. Has left its mark on many an unfortunate child
13. Millions of Russians still live in
14. Man at the coal face is unlikely to do such good work if he feels that it is not his

Down Clues

1. This should be light
2. Hunting for them can be a long and wearying business
3. One occasionally comes from breeders of poultry
4. For the majority of people elevenses don't constitute a real one
6. May well be black or brown
8. Criminal making his escape won't worry about getting this
10. Certain coppers it is impossible to

HOLIDAY PRIZES COMING!

XWORD 673 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Plate. 6, Face. 8, Baker. 12, Mouth. 14, Words. 15, Want. DOWN: 2, Tot. 3, Tanks. 4, Gear. 5, Man. 7, Wager. 9, Votes. 10, Boast. 11, Slow. 13, Far.

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Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 56 entrants who also receive Food Parcels. "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE
Continued from previous page

under those so neatly folded pyjamas.

His jaw hardened and there were tight narrow lines at the corners of his chilly blue eyes as he went over to the bed. He knew the name of the book under Pegott's pyjamas before he took it out. Written on the flyleaf in a delicate script was the owner's name, "Caroline M. Winship." He closed the book and slipped it into his pocket. That was the story, then.

It was not Mrs. Winship who had walked off with the book and got the fastener of his brief case caught after reading the letter in it. It was the impeccable Pegott in person. It was not only what he could hear but what he could see . . . and Dan McGrath should have figured that one out. He thought of himself stupefied with sleep, the book on the table in front of him. It was no wonder that Pegott, having read that letter, should have been so confident he could sell McGrath his wares.

Dan looked at the luggage piled at the foot of the bed. Sell his wares and skip. Pegott was all set.

He looked slowly around the room again. Was he planning to get out before he served dinner at seven, waiting for Dan outside? Was he going to go through with dinner, pretending nothing was on his mind? He looked over at the wardrobe, the door of it closed, with the key in the lock, glanced around the room again, looking for Pegott's white jacket, went over to the wardrobe, turned the key and opened the deal door.

He let the door loose so sharply that it swung open and banged against the table. McGrath stood there silent and motionless, staring into the wardrobe. The impeccable Pegott had not got far. The permanent valet was not permanent. Pegott was there. The noose around his neck was made of a green-and-orange tie. The other end was knotted firmly to a brass hook beneath the wardrobe shelf. Pegott lay in a cramped huddle on the wardrobe floor, his swollen tongue protruding from his face, staring horribly at Dan's feet.

The telephone on the stand beside the bed jangled sharply three times. Dan hesitated, and picked it up. "Yes?"

"Pegott!" It was Miss Violet Grimstead's disciplinary voice, not the charming one she reserved for favoured guests. "Chef would like you to come down at once, if you don't mind."

"This is McGrath speaking," Dan said deliberately. "Pegott is dead, Miss Grimstead. This time you've got to call the police."

He put the phone down, crossed the room and opened the door.

My fault, he was thinking soberly. It was doubly his fault. He should have called the police last night. Mr. Pinkerton had not had a heart attack. Pegott had not hanged himself. The shelf in the wardrobe was made of flimsy wood not strong enough to hold the weight of a body that long. The wardrobe was locked on the outside. He had had to turn the key to open it. Attempted murder and successful murder within twenty-four hours.

He looked back at the key in the wardrobe door. If the same hand and the same mind were in both attacks, it was not the hand that had slipped the second time.

He stood in the doorway, waiting. It was becoming evident that someone did not want Scott Winship found—Scott Winship and his missing masterpiece . . . or the wretched daub his wife called Art. Or could it be that Scott Winship did not want to be found?

To be continued next week

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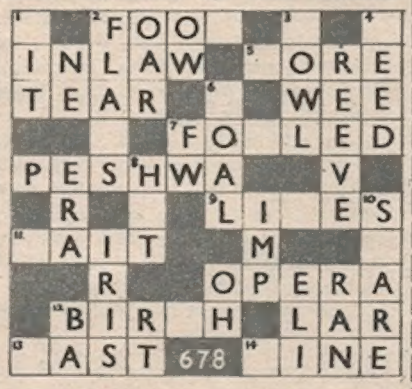
Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



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